

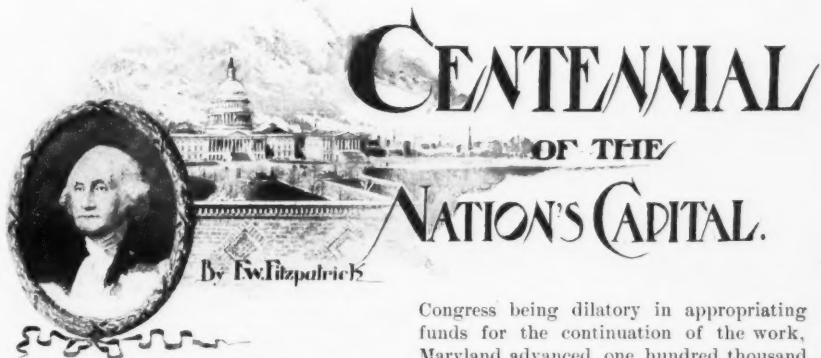
THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his needs.

VOL. XXX.

DECEMBER, 1900.

No. 2.



PRESIDENT WASHINGTON, in spite of the most violent opposition, selected the present site of the nation's capital in 1790, and Congress soon after passed the necessary legislation to fix it here. Major l'Enfant immediately began the laying out of its streets from his very elaborate plans that so many then pronounced visionary and extravagant. By the summer of 1791 the work was well under way.

That he planned it well is proved by the fact that to-day, a century later, even in the face of our broadened ideas, the exigencies of our times and a phenomenal growth, without any adequate commercial reason therefor, the city is not only substantially but absolutely as he planned it and is one of the finest cities, if indeed not the finest city, in the world.

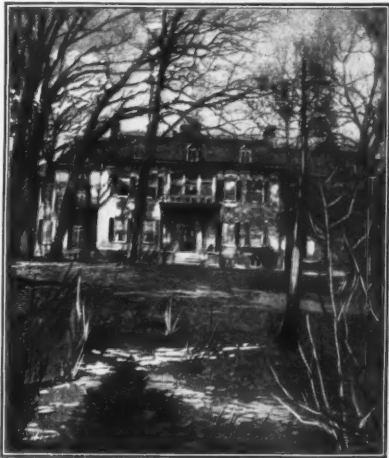
Daniel Carroll, Dr. David Stuart and Gov. Thomas Johnson were appointed Commissioners to carry out the orders of Congress in establishing the city and its government.

Maryland and Virginia contributed most generously to the erection of buildings and displayed the liveliest interest generally in the welfare of the city that was of their own soil—the District of Columbia, ten miles square, having been ceded by them to the Federal government. At one time,

Congress being dilatory in appropriating funds for the continuation of the work, Maryland advanced one hundred thousand dollars to expedite matters.

A good deal of this plot of "ten miles square" was farming-land, belonging principally to David Burns, Daniel Carroll, Samuel Davidson and Notley Young. The land used for streets and parks was "condemned," while that upon which public buildings were located was paid for at the rate of one hundred dollars per acre.

The Capitol was placed on a pretty



AN OLD GEORGETOWN MANSION.

Copyright, 1900, by JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.



Photograph by Abel.
THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT—"THE GREAT WHITE FINGER SILENTLY POINTING UPWARD."

hilltop and the President's Mansion was set a mile away to the west, in order, some said, that legislators would not visit it too often. By the same token there are times when our Chief Executive must wish it had been placed a thousand miles away. For a time the best residences were there about the Capitol, then speculators got hold of the land, and other matters have operated to the detriment of that section—railway terminals, et cetera—so that now the most fashionable section is north and west of the White House, and in that direction palatial residences are being built well to the very limits of the district line.

Major l'Enfant was never properly compensated for his splendid services. Republics, they say, are ungrateful; this one certainly was in his case. He was buried by private charity in 1825.

There were ups and downs in the fortunes of the city in those early days. Sometimes at the sales of land there were good prices obtained, and then again rumor had it the capital would not be removed to this wilderness. On two occasions, in fact, it was by the merest good luck, once by only two votes, that such legislation was not enacted as would have kept the capital at Philadelphia or removed it to some already settled city. Even among the Cabinet officers there was almost an uprising at the idea of their being banished to such a place of exile, where, as Secretary Wolcott wrote, "people lived in huts and were so poor they lived on fish, or, like the fish, ate each other up."

One wing of the Capitol, and the White House, were built and partially finished inside, and the final transfer of the archives and furniture of state was effected in "one packet-sloop," of the capacity of a good-sized furniture-van, in October, 1800. The officials of the government, fifty-four in all, including President Adams and his Cabinet, followed overland in "coaches, chaises and upon horseback."

Soon after that, Jefferson, who seemed to embody all that was artistic of his time, entered heart and soul into the task of beautifying the city, and through his influence very large sums of money were appropriated for that purpose.

In 1814 the English partially destroyed the Capitol, some of the other public build-

Photograph by Bell.

"UNSTRAPPED, FROM ANY POINT OF VIEW, BY ANY BUILDING IN THE WORLD."



ings and much private property, doing damage to the amount of a million dollars or more. As soon as the scare was over, the government and the citizens went at the rebuilding of the damaged parts, and the erection of other buildings, with a vim. That fire, and several minor subsequent ones, seemed after all to be beneficent in their results.*

By 1825 there were nearly twenty thousand people here; when the Civil War broke out there were sixty-two thousand, and to-day, including those who reside just outside the ten-mile limit, in office or in

Mall, from the Capitol to the also proposed Memorial Bridge crossing to Arlington Cemetery, affording continuous sites for the government buildings which the powers that be now scatter rather aimlessly about the city, was one scheme. This scheme was devised by Architect Henry Ives Cobb for the Congressional Committee and Committee of States' Governors. For a long time there has been a clamor to systematize the placing of government structures. Many have been in favor, particularly those with property to sell in that section, of the government's buying the south side of



Photograph by Abel.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

business here and to all intents and purposes citizens of Washington, we have a population of three hundred thousand people.

The 12th of December has been decided upon as the time to celebrate the centennial. There will be parades, banquets and speeches galore. Some great projects were suggested as fitting memorials for this occasion. A grand "Centennial Avenue," to be cut off the northern edge of the

Pennsylvania Avenue—in fact, all of that section south of that avenue and north of the Mall, or park—for sites for these proposed buildings, the Department of Justice, Hall of Records, City Hall, et cetera, and the hundred and one buildings we shall need in the near future. For even to-day, and though there are so many departmental buildings, nearly one-fifth of the United States' business is done in rented quarters. Remember, it is a large

*The valuation of all real and personal property here, that of the United States included, is placed at about five hundred and fifty million dollars. Taxes are levied upon about two hundred and ten million dollars' worth of that, but then Congress appropriates for one-half of most of the street improvements, et cetera.

concern and, of late, growing even beyond the seas.

To the south and west of this new avenue, in that region known to Washingtonians as the "proposed park," would be located the speedway, the polo-ground and areas for baseball and other games, the swimming-pool and -beach—our "outing" grounds so near the city, and the finest that any city possesses—that have been planned by Colonel Bingham under the direction of Congress as part of the work laid out to be done during the centennial year.

This Mall to-day is little frequented. It is almost waste ground in parts. Its northern limit is B Street. Mr. Cobb's proposed centennial avenue cuts off but a strip along that northern edge; this strip would be cut into blocks and upon these would be erected a line of handsome public buildings, and, of course, nothing but public buildings, and upon *our* own ground. To the south there would be no buildings, just a fine stretch of well-kept park. It would be essentially a grand governmental avenue, one of the grandest vistas and the most imposing street one could find in the world.

A grand States Building here, containing offices, exhibition-rooms for state products, post-offices and information bureaus, et cetera, for visitors from each state, and offices and committee-rooms for the delegations to Congress, virtually state legations here, surrounding a large exposition hall that could also be used for conventions, inaugural balls, and other assemblies of masses of people, was another of the most

Photograph by A. C. C.

PANORAMA OF THE CITY FROM THE NATIONAL CEMETERY, ARLINGTON.





SOUTH FRONT OF THE EXECUTIVE MANSION.

fitting permanent memorials of the occasion that were suggested. The time being so short from the suggesting to the time set for celebration, neither of them has been begun. Time will see both accomplished facts, however.

But, to me, though there is to be no permanent and special memorial completed and dedicated that day, the city itself, our

splendid monuments, all about the capital, and all accomplished in the century, are sufficient glory, and will give lasting impressions enough to those who assemble to help us celebrate that occasion and wish us God-speed upon our second century of progress.

The government has built some thirty groups of large buildings here, most of



DOWN THE POTOMAC FROM THE TOP OF THE MONUMENT.

them handsome structures. Neither St. Peter's in Rome, St. Paul's in London, nor any other of the great domed edifices of Europe is to be compared, in dignity, artistic lines or sightliness, with the Capitol. One never tires of it. Grand in the glaring sun, magnificent in a storm, weird and specter-like of a dark night, and a dream of loveliness by moonlight, it stands unsurpassed, from any point of view, by any building in the world. The Treasury and the Patent-Office are also magnificent ex-

still others, to house its twenty-five thousand officers and employees.

There are our splendid Library, our museums, a host of fine private buildings, picture-galleries, palatial residences, offices, banks, stores, churches, hospitals, four great universities—all fine buildings. If our city were destroyed we could not replace these buildings for a quarter of a billion of dollars. In what might be called educational institutions, libraries, museums, geological and other bureaus, alone, the



Photograph by Abel.

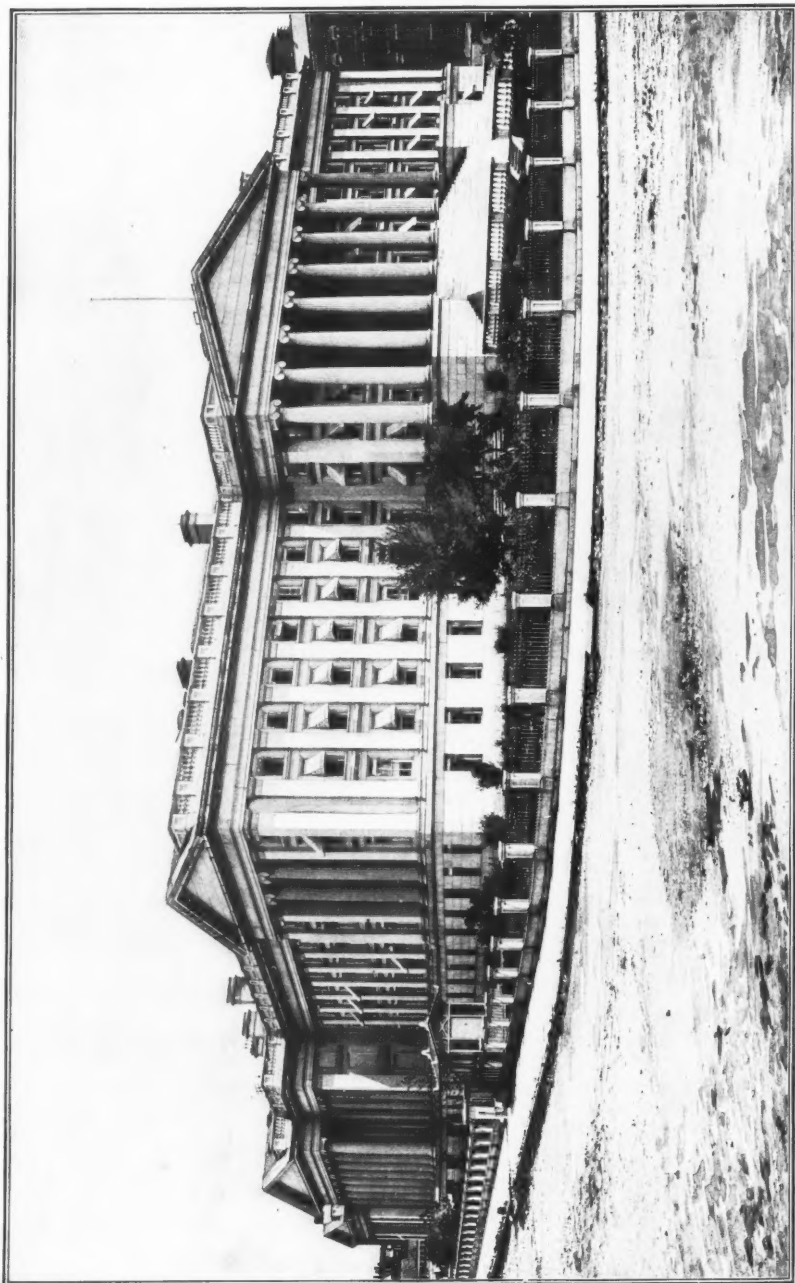
IN THE CONGRESSIONAL GARDENS.

amples of architecture, and the White House leaves a good taste in one's mouth, so to speak. Foreigners visiting us soon get over the impression they have received from some source or other that we are an inartistic race of shopkeepers. Besides these buildings it has built, the government has bought many others, and rents

government has some forty millions invested.*

No other city on earth has as well-paved streets, two hundred miles of them, broad and kept marvelously clean. We borrowed the "white wings" idea from Colonel Waring's New York cleaners. Upon nearly every block will you see a white-clad figure

*We erect about seven million dollars' worth of buildings a year. Our banking capital is about twenty-five million dollars. Nearly seven thousand of us die in a year—a low death-rate. We have a thousand fewer births—sixty thousand youngsters go to school—and there are some three thousand marriages recorded in the District if not in heaven.



BUILDING OF THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT.



Photograph by Abel.

PEACE MONUMENT IN THE CAPITOL GROUNDS.

scraping and sweeping his section all day long. And where will you find as perfect a system of street railways? Mostly underground electric too, one hundred and sixty miles of it within our ten-mile District, and sixty miles of line in outlying districts connecting thereto.

Our electric-light wires, telephone and telegraph lines, are nearly all in conduits underground; there is nothing placed aboveground to mar the beauty of our capital. It is not a manufacturing center—Heaven forbid it may ever be one!—and yet we manufacture nearly fifty million dollars' worth of stuff a year.*

Right in the city there are four thousand six hundred and eighty-nine acres of parks. The Mall, in the very heart of the downtown district, contains nearly one thousand acres, and besides these parks there are some two hundred and twenty little triangles and circles at the bisections

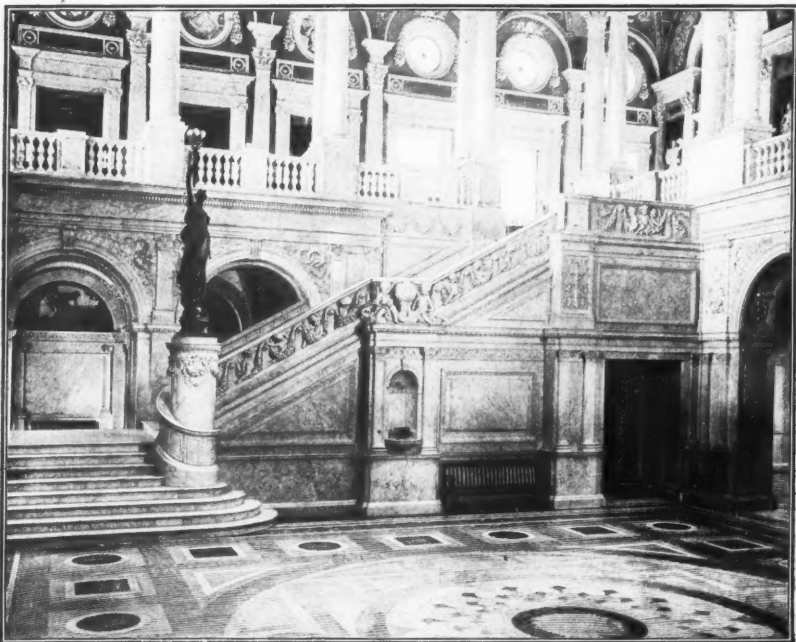
of streets and avenues, breathing-places where one may generally also find a fountain, or one of our great "men on horse-back" done in bronze. Everywhere there are trees and boulevard streets. One may truly say it is a great wooded park untouched save for the asphalted streets and the buildings let in *among* the trees, and if you weary of those buildings you have but to stroll across a bridge to Arlington, or on up about Rock Creek Park, where you will be in sylvan surroundings; if then you long for the roar of lions, the noises of the jungle, go a few steps farther to the Zoological Park, where your every taste in that direction may be satisfied. If you want the bustle and push of business, saunter down F Street and back by Pennsylvania Avenue to the Treasury at noon-time. Or if you wish to be reminded of Paris or Berlin, walk up Connecticut Avenue after four o'clock. There will be

* Apart from fires, I think it generally conceded that Alexander R. Shepherd, "Boss" Shepherd, who was governor of the "territory" for a while in the '70's (from '71 to '74 Congress tried a territorial form of government for the District), did more than any other individual to push the city along to its present high estate. He was cordially hated for his high-handed methods, but we are ready to thank him for it now.

found fair women, handsome men, domestic and foreign, single-eye-glassed, blasé, white-spatted—all kinds; and there are the finest turn-outs, high-stepping thoroughbreds, magnificent carriages, serious and real English coachmen with cockades and liveries their masters are legitimately entitled to sport upon their lackeys. You will also see more automobiles, and the other horseless affairs, there than in any other city, save New York, this side of the Atlantic. Do you want to realize you are in the South? Go

supply that dinginess, however. When you build with white marble here, it will still be white fifty years from now; why, even our black population is growing whiter every generation.

Or, perhaps you are thinking of the West—the newness, daintiness, homelike look, to the houses you've seen in Denver, Portland or Minneapolis? Well, let us take a car out to Chevy Chase. Pretty little cottages with wonderful nooks, turrets and bays, painted most tastily, set down in neatly trimmed lawns that their owners

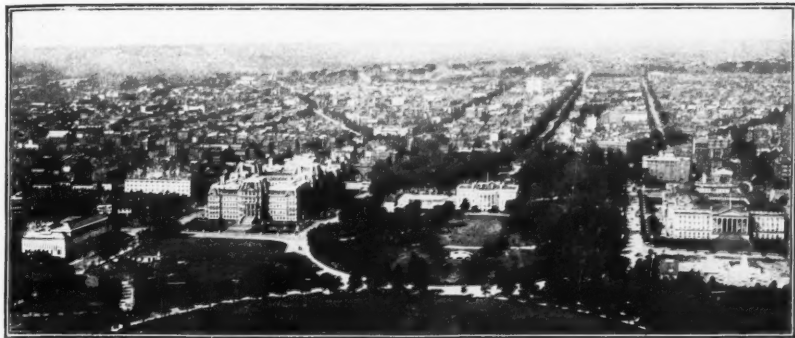


Photograph by Abel. CORNER OF ENTRANCE-HALL OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

up to quaint old Georgetown Heights, where there are the solid old Colonial mansions of long ago and the courtly manners of the same time. Are you lonesome for the brownstone, dingy palaces of New York's Fifth Avenue? Come with me down K Street, Massachusetts Avenue, along Connecticut and up New Hampshire Avenues; there are the great marble and brownstone abodes of the millionaires. What, not dingy enough to resemble New York? Well, that is a fact. We cannot

seem to be constantly sprinkling. A facsimile of Minneapolis or I am in my dotage. You will grant we are indeed cosmopolitan. Whatever—nice—you have seen elsewhere, that you will also find here, and with it a thousand things you can find nowhere else.

Nearly a million people visit us each year. Last year there were nearly enough great conventions, Masons, surgeons, bankers, ladies' A. B. C. D. E. societies, assembled here to give us one for every week in the



FROM THE TOP OF THE MONUMENT TOWARD THE FASHIONABLE QUARTER.

year, and sometimes in batches of twenty-five thousand or more. Some five hundred strangers go up the Monument every day and look down upon us from that dizzy height of five hundred and fifty feet, admiring our charms, artificial and natural.

Statesmen and legislators stay here during their terms of office because they have to, and then remain with us from choice. They not only become attached to the city with its people, but admit, wherever they come from, that there is no place like it. Men of wealth come here to reside after they retire from active business elsewhere, because nowhere else will their wealth

procure them the advantages they may here enjoy. Scientists and students flock to us on account of the wonderful opportunities they find here to pursue their various studies. Financiers live here because—well, perhaps chiefly because there is legislation here that might go wrong if not carefully watched; but then, they stay here after that watchful period has passed.

Old men come here to live because they want to or else their wives make them, and young men come for many reasons, not the least of which is that our daughters are so attractive.



THOMAS CIRCLE, IN THE NORTHWEST DISTRICT.

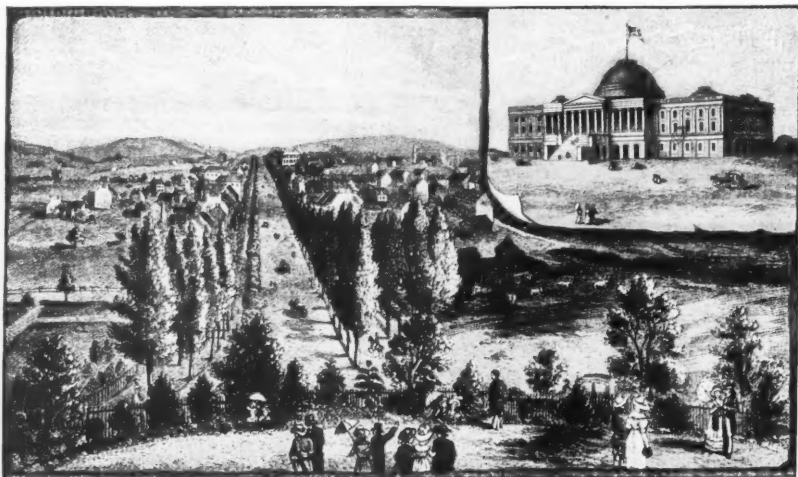


PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE ONE HUNDRED YEARS AFTER IT WAS LAID OUT.

Men who have won fame and place, Arctic explorers, scientists, great writers, celebrated artists, the highest in every walk of life, men whose names are known the world over, all you may see if you stay there long enough.

I could spend a great many hours enumerating the beauties of our capital, but I fear it would grow wearisome to

you, so let me end this brief exordium by inviting you in the name of the city to come to help us fittingly celebrate the one-hundredth birthday of the nation's capital, Washington. The welcome will be hearty; the visit enjoyable; weather, everything, will be propitious, and the recollections thereof pleasant memories. *Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*



PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE AND THE CAPITOL IN 1810.

THE PEKING LEGATIONS.

A NATIONAL UPRISING AND INTERNATIONAL EPISODE.

BY SIR ROBERT HART, BART., G. C. M. G.

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The world has never known a more dramatic situation than that presented by the foreign community within the walls of Peking while cut off from communication with their countrymen. During these long, doubtful weeks the most interesting figure in this international tragedy was Sir Robert Hart, who for more than twenty-five years has been, as far as a European might, the statesman guiding the affairs of the Chinese Empire. Those familiar in any degree with Eastern conditions hoped, after the relief of Peking, that Sir Robert would break his long rule of silence and give to the world his story of the events which led to the closing of the gates of the British Legation, and his views as to the policies which should prevail in the settlement of the difficult questions which had arisen. On the 17th of October, the following cable-message from Sir Robert's London representative to the Editor of *THE COSMOPOLITAN* was received: "Sir Robert Hart has sent for November number *Fortnightly*, London, and *COSMOPOLITAN*, New York, an important article on siege of Peking, about fifteen thousand words, which I will post you to-morrow."

The MS. arrived in time to be included in the present issue. It will be read with the deepest interest, both by statesmen and the general public. *THE COSMOPOLITAN* has been highly honored by Sir Robert Hart in his selection of the American magazine through which this valuable contribution to the history of the world is given publicity.]

WE cannot say we had no warning. Already in September, 1898, after the famous coup by which the reforming Emperor, Kwang Hsü, was relegated to the nothingness of harem life, and the well-known Empress Dowager, who had ruled the Empire through two minorities (Tung Chih in the sixties, and Kwang Hsü in the eighties), again came to the front, the attitude of Tung Fuh Hsiang's soldiers had disturbed the legations, accentuated the possible insecurity of the foreign community, and brought guards to Peking; and in the autumn of the following year the Shanghai press called attention to the Boxer movement in Shantung—its genesis and aspirations, while the "*Tientsin Times*" was laughed at, in the spring of 1900, for its bold denunciations of the same movement and for its prophecies of the harm therefrom to come as the society's operations crossed the frontier and began to spread in Pecheli. In fact, if there was one cry to which our ears had grown so accustomed as to mind it less than our own heart-beats, it was this Chinese cry of "Wolf!" Rebellion was ever on the point of upsetting the dynasty—the government was always on its last legs—foreigners were to be exterminated on a given date—the powers were about to partition China, et cetera. Each year—nay, every

month, the press or local rumor, Cassandra-like, foretold woe. And yet, barring a few episodes of various degrees of importance, the government went on as before. The last half of the nineteenth century saw the Taiping rebellion, the "Arrow" war, the Tientsin massacre, the Franco-Chinese misunderstanding, the war with Japan, and the surrender of Cochin-China, Burma, Kiao-Chow, Port Arthur, Wei-Hai-Wei, Kwang Chow-wan, et cetera, to the foreigner—it also saw the rejection of Italy's Chekiang demands—and still life went on unchanged and the cry of "Wolf!" grew more and more meaningless. So it was not surprising that many supposed the Boxer scare would fizzle out similarly and with a minimum of damage to either Chinese government or foreign interests. At the same time, some of us regarded the movement as very significant, but we did not expect it to become a danger before autumn; its earlier development was a genuine surprise.

Criticism, to be of value, must be just, and must recognize whatever of fact or sentiment has been interwoven with what has occurred—causing its birth, shaping its aims, interlacing its products, and justifying both inception and growth. For ages China had discountenanced the military spirit and was laughed at by us

accordingly, and thus ever since intercourse under treaties has gone on, we have been lecturing the government from our superior standpoint, telling it that it must grow strong—must create army and navy—must adopt foreign drill and foreign weapons—must prepare to hold its own against all comers—must remember “Codlin” is its friend, not “Short.” Our words did not fall on closed ears; effect was given to selected bits of advice, and various firms did a very remarkable and very remunerative trade in arms. But while the Chinese government made a note of all the advice its generous friends placed at its disposal, and adopted some suggestions because they either suited it or it seemed polite and harmless to do so, it did not forget its own thirty centuries of historic teaching, and it looked at affairs abroad through its own and the eyes of its representatives at foreign courts, studied their reports and the printed utterances of books, magazines and newspapers; and the teaching thus received began gradually to crystallize in the belief that a huge standing army on European lines would be wasteful and dangerous, and that a volunteer association—as suggested by the way all China ranged itself on the government side in the Franco-Chinese affair—covering the whole empire, offering an outlet for restless spirits and fostering a united and patriotic feeling, would be more reliable and effective—an idea which seemed to receive immediate confirmation from without in the stand a handful of burghers were making in the Transvaal. Hence the Boxer association, patriotic in origin, justifiable in its fundamental idea, and in point of fact the outcome of either foreign advice or the study of foreign methods. In the meanwhile, the seeds of other growths were being sown in the soil of the Chinese mind, private and official, and were producing fruit each after their kind. Various commercial stipulations sanctioned by treaties had not taken into full account Chinese conditions, difficulties, methods and requirements, and their enforcement did not make foreign commerce more agreeable to the eye of either provincial or metropolitan officials. Missionary propagandism was at work all over the country, and its fruits, Chinese Christians, did not win the esteem

or good will of their fellows; for, first of all, they offended public feeling by deserting Chinese for foreign cults; next, they irritated their fellow-villagers by refusing, as Christians, to take part in or share the expenses of village festivals, and lastly, as Christians again, they shocked the official mind, and popular opinion also, by getting their religious teachers, more especially the Roman Catholics, to interfere on their behalf in litigation, et cetera—a state of affairs which became specially talked about in Shantung, the native province of the Confucius of over two thousand years ago and now the sphere of influence of one of the church's most energetic bishops. The arrangements by which missionaries were to ride in green chairs and be recognized as the equals of Governors and Viceroy had its special signification and underlined missionary aspiration, telling people and officials in every province what they had to expect from it. On the top of this came the Kiao Chow affair and the degradation and cashiering of a really able, popular and clean-handed official, the Governor Li Ping Hêng, succeeded by the cessions of territory at Port Arthur, Wei-Hai-Wei, Kwang-Chow-Wan, et cetera; and these doings, followed by the successful stand made against the Italian demand for a port on the coast of Chekiang, helped to force the Chinese government to see that concession had gone far enough and that opposition to foreign encroachment might now and henceforth be the keynote of its policy. Li Ping Hêng had taken up his private residence in the southeastern corner of Pecheli, close to the Shantung frontier, and the Boxer movement, already started in a tentative way in the latter province, now received an immense impetus from the occurrences alluded to, and was carefully nurtured and fostered by that cashiered official—more respected than ever by his countrymen. Other high officials were known to be in sympathy with the new departure and to give it their strongest approval and support, such as Hsü Tung, Kang I, and men of the same stamp and standing, and their advice to the throne was to try conclusions with foreigners and yield no more to their demands. However mistaken may have been their reading of foreigners, and however wrong

their manner of action, these men—eminent in their own country for their learning and services—were animated by patriotism, were enraged at foreign dictation, and had the courage of their convictions. We must do them the justice of allowing they were actuated by high motives and love of country; but that does not always or necessarily mean political ability or highest wisdom.

Thus it came to pass that a novel attempt to strengthen China took form and shape; it was more or less conceived on foreign lines and the result of a study of foreign conditions; but, apart from what it comprised of the patriotic and the justifiable, it aimed at change as little as possible and it grafted a carefully assimilated foreign idea—volunteering—on as carefully prepared a Chinese trunk, and its growth convinced the government that it could be relied on to relieve the country from foreign dictation if not drive the foreigner entirely out of it. That it was patriotic in its origin and justifiable in much that it aimed at, cannot be questioned, and cannot be too much insisted on, but, like other popular risings, its popular organization and formidable development and widespread growth made it more likely to lead than to follow, while the claims of the initiated to something like supernatural powers in the matters of movement and invulnerability, exhibited first before Prince Tuan and then before Emperor and Empress Dowager, won for it a standing and respect which placed it on a plane of its own and went far toward giving it a free hand for its operations. Something akin to hypnotism or mesmerism seems connected with Boxer initiation and action. The members bow to the southeast, recite certain mystical sentences, and then, with closed eyes, fall on their backs; after this they arise, eyes glazed and staring, possessed of the strength and agility of maniacs, mount trees and walls and wield swords and spears in a way they are unable to at other times; semi-initiation is said to render the body impervious to cut or thrust, while the fully initiated fear neither shot nor shell. The various subchiefs are, of course, fully initiated, but the Supreme Chief is described as more gifted still. He sits in his hall, orders the doors to be

opened, and while remaining there in the body, is said to be elsewhere in spirit, directing, controlling, suggesting and achieving. One of the best shots in a Legation Guard relates that he fired seven shots at one of the chiefs on the Northern Bridge, less than two hundred yards off; the chief stood there contemptuously, pompously waving his swords and as if thereby causing the bullets to pass him to right or left at will; he then calmly and proudly stalked away unhit, much to the astonishment of the sharp-shooter. Though professing to know nothing beyond the domain of sense, the Chinaman is really an extravagant believer in the supernatural, and so he readily credits the Boxer with all the powers he claims. Times and seasons, too, have their meanings for him. In 1898, the eclipse of the sun on the Chinese New Year's day foreboded calamity, especially to the Emperor, and in September that year the Empress Dowager usurped the government; then, as chance would have it, this year, 1900, is one in which the intercalary month for the Chinese year is the eighth, and an eighth intercalary month always means misfortune. When such a month last occurred, that year the Emperor Tung Chih died, and accordingly the popular mind was on the outlook for catastrophe in 1900, and perhaps the people were morbidly willing to assist folk-lore to fulfil its own prophecy.

Those of us who regarded the movement as likely to become serious and mischievous put off the time of action to September. Our calculations were wrong, for already in May it had spread from Shantung, was overrunning Pecheli, and was following the railway line from Pao-ting-foo, the provincial capital, toward Peking itself. Chapels were destroyed, converts were massacred, railway stations were wrecked, railway and telegraph lines were damaged, excitement was spreading, and yet, although the state of the country all around grew more and more alarming, it still seemed to be a question whether the movement would roll back toward its source from Peking or take new shape there and gather new and onward impetus. Meantime, the legations fortunately succeeded in getting up a few guards from the warships off Taku, so that there were from

three to four hundred armed men in Peking for their protection—American, Austrian, British, French, Italian, Japanese and Russian.

The force would have been stronger had it not been for two curiously illustrative incidents which occurred at Tientsin. When the men marched to the train, twenty-five of the one hundred British marines on the platform were ordered back because the Russians and French numbered only seventy-five each, and as for the Russians, they brought one thousand rounds of shell for their gun and neglected to bring the field-gun itself, which remained at Tientsin—to our great grief afterward, when it would have been of untold value at Peking. The Japanese contingent numbered only twenty-five men, but the work they subsequently did, and the way they did it, won everybody's admiration, and would have done honor to five times their number. The British marines were nice-looking lads, cheerful and bright, and always ready and willing. The Americans were stronger and more mature, each man a sharp-shooter, self-reliant and resourceful. The Chinese authorities were naturally opposed to the reappearance of foreign soldiers as Legation Guards in their capital, and in ordinary times such an anomalous step would not be resorted to or justifiable; but, the circumstances being what they were, the decision to have them up was a right one, and, as afterward happened, their presence preserved the entire foreign community, legations, missionaries, customs and visitors—also Chinese converts—old and young, men, women and children, from one common massacre.

The Queen's birthday, the 24th of May, was this year observed as a British celebration at the legation; some sixty or seventy people sat down to dinner in the theater, and, after that, we had dancing in the ball-room and on the lawn to the music of a Chinese brass band—and really well the lads played on that occasion. Little did we think that before that day month we should form part of a crowd of ten times that number flying for our lives to the protection of the legation walls. Early in June, affairs wore so threatening an aspect that the Admirals were applied

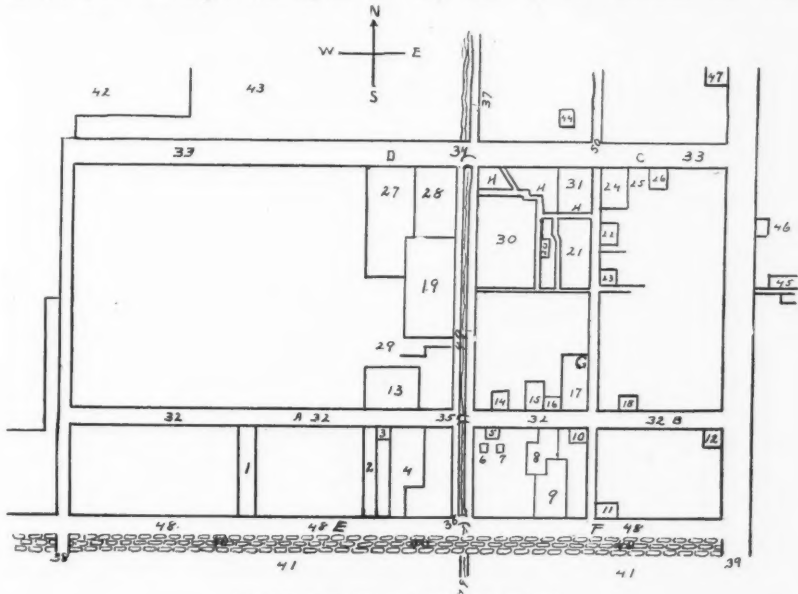
to for reinforcements, and on the 10th of June Admiral Seymour left Tientsin by rail with some fifteen hundred men to rescue legations and community from an ending that daily seemed more certain, the Viceroy very unwillingly allowing them to start. He never reached Peking, however, and eventually got back to Tientsin on the 24th of June, after losing a large percentage of his force and going through experiences of a novel kind for a naval officer. His force was at Lang Fang, some forty miles from Peking, on the 11th of June, and finding the railway broken there stopped to repair it. Had it left the train and marched straight across the country to the capital, it could have been with us on the 13th or 14th and so changed history, for opposition was not yet organized and some animals could have been seized in the vicinity for transport; but the main object of the expedition—the safety of the legations—was lost sight of, and the minor detail of mending the railway line exaggerated into something of paramount importance—the wrong end of the telescope having seemingly been put to the eye, and so the chance was lost. As for railway repairs—as fast as one bit was mended another was torn up by the crowds of Boxers that swarmed around, so that, what with failure of food and drink and fuel, and an increasing number of enemies in front and rear and on both sides, the Admiral and party were soon in such a plight as no mixed force ever before had steamed or drifted into. We refugees clung to the hope that these reinforcements would one day appear; we could not believe it possible that they would fail to reach us or that we should be forgotten, but by the end of the month we could no longer encourage ourselves to expect them—we could only hope that they had escaped destruction and that, back again at Tientsin, they were reorganizing some better plan for our relief. It is quite sure the force did its best under the circumstances, but its mixed nature, possible differences of opinion among the commanding officers of half a dozen or more nationalities, and general ignorance of the country between the railway line and Peking, must have combined to make its task an impossible one and excuse the fail-

ure. It is equally certain that that failure must have been even more bitter for the men who were to rescue us than for ourselves who were to be rescued.

From the end of May, the air was full of rumors and alarms, and all were on the alert, ladies and children spending the nights at the British Legation for safety; but the movement was still regarded as a Boxer movement, and we could not allow ourselves to believe that the government would permit it to create disorder in Peking, much less that the troops would join it and its doings be accepted and approved of by the Chinese authorities. In fact, the troops appeared at one time to be operating against the Boxers and protecting the Ma-chia-pu railway station from destruction, and this helped to strengthen our

old faith in the security of the capital; but to the eye of to-day that military movement was intended to obstruct the Admiral's force, and not to oppose the Boxers. On the 9th of June, the outlook was so threatening that the customs and college people were called in from the scattered quarters, and from that date to the 20th, all lived at the Inspectorate and combined with their neighbors, Japanese, Austrians and French, to keep watch day and night. The rough plan annexed will explain the relative position of houses and streets in the legation district.

The positions A, B, C and D, as first arranged, were to be held as long as possible by the Russians, Italians, Austrians and British; E and F, on and under the city wall, by the Americans and Ger-



PLAN OF THE LEGATION DISTRICT, PEKING.

- | | | | |
|------------------------|--|------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 Dutch Legation. | 18 Italian Legation. | 30 Soo-Wang-Foo. | 44 Electric-light Works |
| 2 Russo-Chinese Bank. | 19 British Legation. | 31 Tang-tzu. | 45 Methodist Mission. |
| 3 Imbeg's Store. | 20 Doctor Morrison. | 32 Legation Street | 46 Missionary Chapel. |
| 4 American Legation. | 21 Inspectorate of Customs. | (Chiang-mi-Hsiang). | 47 Belgian Legation. |
| 5 Kierulff's Store. | 22 Post-office. | 33 Chang-an Street. | 48 Street under Wall. |
| 6-7 Peking Syndicate. | 23 Customs Gas-works. | 34 Northern Bridge. | 49 Canal. |
| 8 German Legation. | 24 Austrian Legation. | 35 Central Bridge. | 50 Wang-ta Street. |
| 9 Club. | 25 Jung-Kung-Foo. | 36 Southern Bridge. | A Russian Piquet. |
| 10 Yang Low (Customs). | 26 Chinese Imperial Bank (Mr. Hous-ton). | 37 Dusty Lane. | B Italian Piquet. |
| 11 Jean Renaud. | 27 Carriage Park. | 38 Chien-men Gate. | C Austrian Piquet. |
| 12 Doctor Colman. | 28 Han Lin. | 39 Ha-ta-men Gate. | D British Piquet. |
| 13 Russian Legation. | 29 Mongol Market. | 40 City Wall (Tartar). | E American Piquet. |
| 14 Spanish Legation. | | 41 Chinese City. | F German Piquet. |
| 15 Japanese Legation. | | 42 Palace. | G French Piquet. |
| 16 Peking Hotel. | | 43 Imperial City. | H Japanese Piquet. |
| 17 French Legation. | | | |

mans; and the line H.H.H. by the Japanese and customs; the French at G were to reinforce the Italians and Austrians as might be necessary. Such were the general arrangements made in advance for mutual coöperation and defense, and on the 11th of June they were put in operation as soon as we heard of the murder of the Japanese Secretary of Legation, Mr. Sugiyama, by the soldiers of Tung Fuh Hsiang at the Yung-Ting gate.

And not a day too soon, for in the evening of the 13th the noise of a crowd and a rush of people were followed by the advent of the Boxers. They entered the Ha-ta-mên gate with a shout, brandishing sword and spear, and at once set fire to the missionary chapel (46) north of it. They then turned down the Chang-an Street, and were about to burn the Chinese Imperial Bank (26), but they gave up the attempt and went elsewhere when fired on by the Austrians. Soon after, flames were seen in many directions and the work of destruction was well begun before night. Meantime our isolation—a novel experience—had begun, and bit by bit we were cut off from communication with the rest of the world and even the rest of the city. The last trains left Ma-chia-pu on the 9th; the last telegrams were dispatched on the 10th; the special postal courier sent overland on the 15th failed to reach Tientsin, and the last letter that got up from Tientsin was dated the 16th and received on the 18th. The Boxers appeared to be everywhere; they were destroying railway and telegraph, and stopping and searching all Chinese passers-by. The Tung-Chow missionaries succeeded in getting up to Peking, with their wives and families, on the 8th of June, thanks to the pluck and energy of Mr. Ament, who went down alone, some fourteen miles, on the night of the 8th to fetch them; but the Pao-ting-foo missionaries were in a trap and unable to get away. The railway engineers along the line fled, and most of them got to Tientsin or Peking, although some were lost—probably killed. The railway settlement at Ch'ang-Hsing-Tien, besieged by Boxers, was relieved by an expedition organized and headed by Monsieur and Madame Chamot, and thus some three dozen people, men, women and children, were

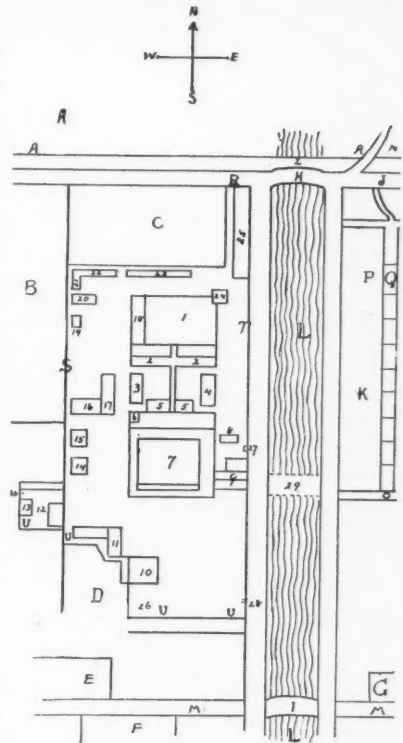
conducted safely to Peking. Efforts were made to send special messages to Tientsin and to communicate with the Admiral and reinforcements, but without success, and by the 16th we foreigners in Peking were practically and completely isolated.

On the 10th of June, a telegram went to the Canton Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, explaining the state of affairs and requesting him as her oldest and most trusted adviser to telegraph to the Empress Dowager and say that the counsels of her Boxer councilors would imperil empire and dynasty, and warn her that, whatever else hands might be laid on in Peking, legations and foreign representatives must be held sacred and left alone. This was followed up by an explanatory letter which left on the 12th; it is believed they both reached and that it was in some degree owing to their effect that the attacks on the legations were spun out so curiously, instead of destroying us during the first weeks of the siege, and Li himself eventually transferred to the Tientsin Viceroyalty in July.

Up to the 20th of June we had only the Boxers to deal with, but on the 19th we were surprised by a circular note from the Yamên (Chinese Foreign Office) stating that the foreign naval authorities at Tientsin were about to seize the Taku forts, and ordering legations to quit Peking within twenty-four hours. The legations replied and represented to the Yamên that they knew nothing of the Taku occurrence; that they regretted any misunderstanding, and that they could not possibly quit, or make transport arrangements, on such short notice. A proposal to visit the Yamên in a body was set aside, but on the morning of the 20th, Baron von Ketteler, the German Minister, attended by his interpreter, Mr. Cordes, set off for the Yamên alone. His colleagues advised him not to go, but he felt that, having announced his visit, he must pay it. Ten minutes after he left the legation, his Chinese outriders galloped back saying that he had been shot when going up the Ha-ta-mên Street. His interpreter, badly wounded, managed to escape to the Methodist mission and was thence taken back to the German Legation. It had previously been decided in case of attack to hold all the legations as

long as possible, but to fall back on the British Legation when necessary for united defense and a final stand; the order to quit Peking and the seemingly official murder of a Minister rather precipitated matters, and before the twenty-four hours' limit had expired (4 P.M., 20th of June) all the ladies and children were in the British Legation, and also the various foreign representatives, et cetera. A misunderstanding, however, occurred, and the customs were unexpectedly warned that the Austrians could not hold their position but would abandon it and retire on the French Legation at 2 P.M. This upset previous plans and forced the customs, almost without preparations, to desert the Inspectorate, which they had hoped to continue to occupy, and so, at 3 P.M., Austrians and customs were marching down the street together to the French and British Legations. Thus the line of defense along the Chang-an Street had virtually been given up without a blow. Precisely at 4 P.M. firing began, and rifle bullets were whistling down the Wang-ta Street between the Austrian Legation and Inspectorate and over the heads of the French piquet. By 5 o'clock we were all quartered in the British Legation and the siege began, one of its first incidents being the disappearance of Prof. Huberty James—a gallant and amiable man—who, returning from Doctor Morrison's house, took the north and not the south lane, and was either killed or made prisoner by the Chinese soldiers on the North Bridge before our eyes. The annexed plan will serve to show how the accommodation in the legation was distributed among so many people, and also the points that had to be guarded and defended.

Before the Boxers entered the city, some additions were made to the Yamên, or Foreign Office, and of these new Ministers the most remarkable was Prince Tuan—grandson of Tao Kwang, son of the Fifth Prince, nephew of Prince Kung and the Seventh Prince, cousin of Tung Chih and Kwang Hsü, and father of the Ta-A-Ko, or Heir-Apparent. This appointment was considered by most foreigners in Peking objectionable on account of the Prince's known anti-foreign tendencies, but to my mind it was a good one. The Empress



PLAN OF THE BRITISH LEGATION COMPOUND.

- | | |
|--|-----------------------------|
| 1 British Minister. | 20 Theater (Marines' Mess). |
| 2 Marine Officers, et cetera. | 21 Students' Library. |
| 3 Legation Chapel (Missionary Families). | 22 Refugees, various. |
| 4 Customs People. | 23 Refugees, Chinese. |
| 5 Refugees. | 24 Two-story House. |
| 6 Bell-tower. | 25 Northern Stables. |
| 7 Tennis-lawn. | 26 Burial-ground. |
| 8 Gate-house. | 27 Battery and Flagstaff. |
| 9 Russian Minister, et cetera. | 28 Southern Gate. |
| 10 Secretary's House: Missionary refugees, et cetera. | 29 Passage to Foo. |
| 11 Hospital: Wounded, et cetera. | 30 Western Gate. |
| 12 Southern Stables. | A Imperial City Wall. |
| 13 Stable-yard Houses: Missionary refugees, et cetera. | B Carriage Park. |
| 14 French Minister, et cetera. | C Han Lin. |
| 15 Mr. Cockburn. | D Mongol Market. |
| 16 Mr. Ker. | E Russian Legation. |
| 17 American Minister, et cetera. | F American Legation. |
| 18 Japanese Minister, et cetera. | G Spanish Legation. |
| 19 Hospital for infectious diseases. | H Northern Bridge. |
| R Northern Front. | I Central Bridge. |
| S Western Front. | J Chang-an Street. |
| T Eastern Front. | K Soo-Wang-Foo. |
| U Southern Front. | L Canal. |
| | M Legation Street. |
| | N Dusty Lane. |
| | O Passage through Foo. |
| | P Foo Gardens. |
| | Q Foo Buildings. |

} Legation Defenses.

Dowager had probably said to the Prince: "You and your party pull one way, Prince Ching and his, another—what am I to do between you? You, however, are the father of the future Emperor and have your son's interests to take care of; you are also a head of the Boxers and chief of the Peking Field Force, and ought therefore to know what can and what cannot be done. I therefore appoint you to the Yamèn. Do what you consider most expedient and take care that the throne of your ancestors descends untarnished to your son, and their Empire undiminished! Yours is the power—yours the responsibility—and yours the chief interests!" I can imagine the Empress Dowager taking this line with the Prince, and, inasmuch as various Ministers who had been very anti-foreign before entering the Yamèn had turned round and behaved very sensibly afterward, I felt sure that responsibility and actual personal dealings with foreigners would be a good experience and a useful education for this Prince and that he would eventually be one of the sturdiest supporters of progress and good relations. I therefore augured the best from his appointment to the Yamèn. But the demand for the surrender of the Taku forts upset this and all other calculations, and so far—although the Prince is doubtless increasing his education and we have been feeling his hostility—we have not seen him, and his future influence will be a questionable factor.

After setting fire to the missionary chapel in the Ha-ta-mèn Street on the 13th of June, the incendiaries continued their work and destroyed every foreign house they could touch and every Chinese establishment selling foreign goods or connected with foreigners. Of course, adjoining buildings caught fire too, and in some districts these conflagrations made a desert of the richest and most populous quarters. In this way the Austrian, Italian, Dutch and French Legations; the Customs Inspectorate, Postal and College buildings; the extensive missionary premises in the Hsiao-shun, T'eng-shih-k'ou-n'-rh, Yen'-rh, Erh-tiao and Jung Hsien Streets; the Russo-Chinese and Chinese Imperial Banks; Imbeg's store, and Chinese houses without number, were destroyed. Even we our-

selves in the various legations were obliged to burn anything near us in self-defense, and from first to last a fire inside a legation was what all dreaded most. Every hour was full of incident, but I do not pretend or purpose to chronicle all that happened, and am merely giving a bird's-eye view of the situation to introduce a few remarks on the possibilities and changes the world will now have to face.

The Ying-Kuo-Foo, or British Legation, was styled the Liang-Kung-Foo in 1860 and was occupied by the Duke Liang, when selected as a residence for the British Minister. It covers a large piece of ground, some two thousand feet long by six hundred broad, and is bounded on the north by the Chinese official departments known as the Carriage Park and Han Lin, on the east by the Canal, on the south and west by the Mongol market, Carriage Park and Chinese dwellings. On the opposite side of the Canal is the Soo-Wang-Foo, or Prince Soo's palace; south of the Mongol market are the Russian and American Legations; and north of the Carriage Park and Han Lin runs the long, straight and broad Chang-an Street. In addition to the original picturesque Chinese halls modified for and resided in by the British Minister, some dozen buildings have been constructed in foreign style for the legation staff. When we took refuge in the legation on the 20th of June, the legation staff most obligingly vacated their rooms for refugees or shared their houses with them; separate buildings were assigned to the American, French and Russian Ministers and Customs Inspectorate; rooms were found for the Belgian, Italian and Japanese Ministers; the Spanish and Dutch Ministers shared other people's quarters; the German *chargé* remained in his own legation and with him was the Austrian *chargé* also; the missionary families were given the legation chapel, with the hall opposite, and also two large, two-storied buildings on the south side of the legation; a miscellaneous crowd—Belgians, Germans, French, Japanese, Norwegians, et cetera—occupied the students' quarters, and a number of Chinese, women and children, were packed into a row of buildings along the north wall. Of non-Chinese there must have been some six

hundred people, while the Chinese Christian refugees and protected domestics must have numbered in the legation and Soo-Wang-Foo some one thousand and two thousand respectively. Among the refugees in the foo were the mother and family of his Excellency Tching Tchong, formerly Chinese Minister in Paris. All these Chinese behaved very well, and when requisitioned, worked admirably. Seeing that they were even more than ourselves the people the Boxers wished to massacre, and were so singled out for their foreign proclivities, it was at once decided to protect them, and they had already flocked in from every part of the city and some even from the country. One lot in particular was rescued from the Nan-Tang (Southern Cathedral) by a party consisting again of Monsieur and Madame Chamot (née Macarthy, San Francisco), Willie Duprée and others—the same who had brought in the Belgians from Chang-Hsing-Tien. Madame Chamot's gallantry and her husband's pluck and resourcefulness were the admiration of everybody, and the services they rendered us all of every kind cannot be too highly spoken of. Young Duprée, a lad of seventeen, was also a volunteer on several other expeditions, when his courage and knowledge of Chinese were most useful—notably the one that killed some fifty Boxers found massacring a couple of dozen Christians in a temple off the Wang-ta Street about the 15th of June.

The refugees speedily shook themselves into shape and arranged how best to rough it as regards food and sleep. Crowded numbers, limited accommodation, and the absence of everything in the shape of privacy, comfort and ordinary convenience, were naturally disagreeable factors for a Peking summer, but the thought that all were in the same boat and must make the best of it till succor arrived, and hold out at all costs against a common massacre, inspired each and all with courage, resignation and sympathy. The ladies had to attend to cooking and domestic work of every kind in public and in the open, and they did so with a practical good sense and a Christian cheerfulness beyond all praise. All had been instructed to bring their own provisions, and fortunately—considering how unexpectedly long the siege lasted

—did so. Besides, close to the legation were three large European stores—Tallien's, Kierulff's and Imbeg's—and also several Chinese shops of various kinds, and from all of these everything likely to be useful was brought in as fast as possible: rice, flour, meal, fuel, tinned stores, preserves, et cetera, were found, and also quantities of piece-goods—cottons, silks and satins. Thus food for six or eight weeks was secured, and stuff for the manufacture of sandbags to crest the walls and barricades required for defense and for hospital use. Every lady made her share of sandbags—and it was wonderful where needles and thread came from! And, as for finding and bringing in food supplies, the activity and energy of Madame Chamot, Duprée, and Fargo Squiers (the gallant young son of the American Secretary of Legation, an Eton boy) were astonishing. Mr. Dering, of the British Legation, also toiled incessantly for days with admirable persistence over the work of providing fodder for the ponies (all destined to be eaten) and the sheep that were then obtainable. The stock of ammunition was a cause of some anxiety, but after a couple of days or so every man settled down to using it only when it could be relied on to kill, and economy became the rule all round. In fact, it was sometimes curious to note the silence and stillness of the legation, not a shot replying to the furious fusillade kept up by the Chinese from their secure hiding-places on the neighboring roofs and behind the loopholes in their barricades. But although as few shots were fired as possible, constant watch had to be kept, and men had to be sent to one place or another—sometimes in the British Legation itself and sometimes to other legations—where and when attack was fiercer or more threatening. At first a mere affair of Boxers armed with sword and spear, from the 20th of June on we had also the soldiers to deal with. They fixed some Krupp guns and some smooth-bore cannon on the city wall to the south and at various places near the legations, and they had, besides, the very newest and best kinds of repeating rifles in their hands. One day were counted as many as seven hundred shot and shell fired at the legations, and the tens of thousands of rounds of ammunition they

daily expended, when rifle-firing kept up a frightful din. While the weather was fine, sentry work, et cetera, was no great hardship; but we had some wet nights, and then to lie crouched on the top of a wall behind sandbags, or stand motionless in a trench behind a barricade, was extremely trying. The marines, seventy-five all told, were supplemented by a dozen legation men and twice as many customs people for regular duty, and there were, besides, for special defense in the event of a general attack, some seventy or eighty armed volunteers (missionaries included). Our ears became so accustomed to the constant whistle and crack of rifle bullets, and to the heavier noise of the cannon, that when some quiet days intervened we found the silence even more trying; amidst all the din there was an element of the comic too, for, to increase the noise and so the more effectually terrify us, our assailants let off strings and strings of firecrackers. For the general safety it was essential that the southern city should be held between the Chien-mên and Ha-ta-mên gates; the Americans faced west to hold the first behind their legation, and the Germans east to hold the second behind theirs. And for the safety of the British Legation in particular it was equally indispensable that the Soo-Wang-Foo, across the Canal, should not fall into Chinese hands, and it was held by Colonel Sheba and the plucky Japanese with a persistence, gallantry, skill and forethought that were most admirable. The Germans, however, eventually abandoned their position on the wall, on noticing that the Americans were doing the same; but, strongly reinforced by British and Russians, the latter quickly retook the forsaken post under the able guidance of Mr. Squiers, and then strengthened it daily, and held on to it till the end; unfortunately, the Chinese advanced along the wall from the Ha-ta-mên gate, and thus the Germans never reoccupied their portion of the wall, and various inconveniences resulted therefrom. The Austrian, Dutch and Italian Legations were forsaken early and forthwith burnt. The residential part of the French Legation was taken by the Chinese step by step after obstinate fighting, but the remainder was pluckily held to the last by Command-

ant D'Arcy and men, with only a wall between assailant and assailed. The other legations, and also the Peking Hotel (Monsieur Chamot), were riddled with shot and shell and showers of rifle bullets, but, skilfully and obstinately defended, the Chinese never got possession of them. The American Colt machine-gun did splendid work on the wall, but the Austrian and British machine-guns were not thought a success. The absence of the Russian gun left behind at Tientsin was terribly felt when the Chinese took to constructing barricades and mounting cannon behind them. The Jubilee bell in the British Legation was occasionally sounded as an alarm, and then everybody turned out to fight either fires or assailants. Fortunately, neither effected an entrance, but on two occasions it seemed all but impossible to prevent fire from crossing our walls and destroying us. At the French Legation, the Chinese resorted to mines with success. On one occasion, when the first mine exploded, the Austrian chargé, Mr. Von Rosthorn, was buried in the ruins; the second explosion vomited him forth free and unhurt—a miraculous escape—but the assailants then made good their position inside the legation walls.

Up to the 20th of June we had—as already stated—only Boxers armed with sword and spear to fear, but on that day rifles began to be used and soldiers fired them—notably men belonging to Tung Fuh Hsiang's Kan-suh command. Our longing for the appearance of Admiral Seymour grew intense, and night after night we buoyed ourselves up with calculations founded on the sound of heavy guns in the distance, or the appearance of what experts pronounced to be search-lights in the sky. Soon, however, we gave up all hope of the Admiral's party, but, supposing that the Taku forts had been taken on the 18th, we inferred that a few days later would see a large force marching from Tientsin for our relief and that within a fortnight it would be with us—otherwise why imperil us at Peking by such premature action at Taku? From the 20th to the 25th of June a brisk rifle fire raged round each legation, and our anxiety began to be acute. On the 25th, a white board was put up by the Chinese on the North Bridge purporting

to communicate an imperial edict ordering legations to be protected and firing to cease (query: Had Li received the telegram and wired to the Empress Dowager from Canton?) and it added that dispatches would be interchanged at the bridge. Firing did cease at once, and we were all delighted to infer therefrom that the government had regained its senses and that the peace party was in the ascendant. Was this due to the near approach of a victorious relieving force? some asked, or simply to the action of advisers who understood something about the sanctity of legations and the privileges of national representatives? A reply was put up on the bridge saying we were ready to receive any dispatches, but no dispatch ever came and, after three days' quiet, firing recommenced—not rifle bullets only this time, but shot and shell, began to fall in and screech over the legations, and our plight was worse than ever. The respite given was probably to throw us off our guard and arrange other plans for our hurt—perhaps also to put some friendliness on record. The cannon were at the Chien-mên and Ha-ta-mên gates on the city wall, and also at various points near to and commanding the legations and Soo-Wang-Foo. The casualties were considerable, our killed mounting up to about sixty and the wounded to a hundred at the end of July. Several attempts had been made to send messages to meet the expected relieving force and to let people at Tientsin know our condition, but the cordon round us was so tight and our isolation so complete that they had evidently failed to get through. At last, about the 16th of July, one messenger reappeared; he had been caught going out and taken before the Chinese Commander-in-Chief, Jung Luh, and thence sent back to the legation bearing an informal note purporting to come from "Prince Ching and Others." This led to an interchange of letters between Legation Ministers and Yamên, and about the 18th firing was again discontinued, to be begun again—but this time by rifles alone—about the 24th.

On the 18th, a messenger actually got through from Tientsin, with the news that thirty-three thousand men would start thence in a few days. This news had, of

course—we thought—also reached the Peking authorities and had possibly had something to do with their change of attitude. But, as a week's later news said nothing about a start, the first news had probably been discredited, and so the "snipers" were allowed to begin firing again. Rumor, too, said the Pei-Tang, or Northern Cathedral—where Monseigneur Favier with some thirty missionaries, two thousand Christian refugees, and a guard of forty-three French and Italian sailors, had gallantly made a stand from the middle of June—was being heavily bombarded. Among the "Prince Ching and Others" letters that came to the legation, one invited the Ministers to take refuge at the Yamên, each to bring a suite of ten persons and all to be unarmed. But, remembering poor Von Ketteler's fate, this was not accepted; and another was also declined desiring the legations once more to quit Peking and repair to Tientsin. This last wish was renewed a couple of times, and it was evidently either a plot to murder all en route, or a device to prevent foreign troops from entering Peking. Another communication, this time a duly sealed official dispatch, informed the representatives of Germany, France, Russia, England and the United States that the Chinese Emperor had telegraphed to their respective sovereigns, et cetera, begging their good offices, and so on. Meantime, one of Tung Fuh Hsiang's men made friends with Colonel Sheba's people, and for a daily gratuity provided information. In this way, and according to this worthy, we learned that our troops fought victorious battles at Yang-tsun, Ts'ai-tsung, Hosewoo, An Ping, Matow and Chang-kia-wan, et cetera, and were within a day or two's march of Peking on the 30th of July.

Chinese firing was somewhat heavier on July 30th and 31st and August 1st, and again slackened on August 2d. On July 31st, a Japanese messenger brought a real Tientsin letter of the 26th, stating that the march on Peking would begin in two or three days, and on the 2nd of August an American messenger came in also with real letters, giving additional news and stating the march had begun on the 30th of July. The same day we got the

"Peking Gazette" of the 28th of July containing an edict condemning to death the Yamèn Ministers Ilü-Ching-Chêng (formerly Minister to Russia and Germany) and Yuan C'hang, the chiefs of the two educational establishments known as the Ta-Hsio-Tang (President, Doctor Martin) and Tung-Wên-Kwan (President, Mr. Oliver), and their cruel fate shocked and depressed us.

Thus the daily reports that had reached Colonel Sheba were shown to be clever concoctions, and we had again to console ourselves with thinking that, although the march on Peking had only just begun, yet now we were once more in communication with the outside world, knew for fact that the march was commenced, and could afford to laughingly treat the concocted reports as so many forecasts of what would shortly be facts.

Naturally, we had to face various possibilities. The rainy season might begin any day and delay and protract the march; and the infuriated government might order an attack on us in force and wipe us out before relief could arrive; and again, there were many native Christians "of sorts" among us, and might there not be an attempt to buy them back to their duty as subjects of the Emperor and induce them to coöperate inside our walls with fiercer assailants from without? While, as to the foreign troops coming from Tientsin, even if they should reach Peking, would not they be besieged in turn in the city and require assistance themselves to get away again? We treated these worrying thoughts as light-heartedly as we could, and adopted for guidance the principle that the more we seemed to be favored by circumstances, the more precautions ought we to take and the more on our guard we ought to be. On the 19th of June the Yamèn had notified the Inspector-General of Customs that the legations had been given twenty-four hours' notice to leave Peking. On the 21st of July, two red-letters came over one of the barricades to him, the first asking his whereabouts and the second asking what reply he wished the Yamèn to make to a proposal that had come up through the Nanking Viceroy concerning the transaction of Inspector-General work during his isolation. On the

25th of July came another red-letter inclosing a telegram of inquiry from the Shanghai Commissioner of Customs, and stating all was quiet there. And on the 27th and 30th of July and 7th and 10th of August he received four other such letters—one accompanied by some vegetables and flour, another inclosing a London telegram asking for news, and also suggesting he should prepare telegrams to each of the powers saying the legations were well, and a third forwarding a family telegram. From an inquiry made in both a London telegram and a Tientsin letter for another refugee, it was evident that it had everywhere been given out that the government was both protecting and provisioning the legations.

We had always feared some such assurances would be our ruin, but, fortunately for us, the telegram of Mr. Conger, the United States Minister, exploded this idea about the 18th of July, and the governments concerned woke up to the fact that their representatives were in danger.

As to provisioning, we were completely cut off from the market, and dependent on what we chanced to have in the legation, on and after the 20th of June. The cordon of Chinese troops drawn round us isolated us completely, and, except two or three scanty presents of vegetables received between the 21st and 27th of July, nothing came from the Chinese government. As to protecting—it is true we can only explain our preservation by supposing that there must have been some protection, but it was not the Chinese government that gave it. We were under fire from the 20th to the 25th of June, from the 28th of June to the 18th of July, from the 28th of July to the 2d of August, and from the 4th to the 14th of August. Night and day, rifle-bullets, cannon-balls and Krupp shells had been poured into the various legations, from the gate in front of the Palace itself, from the very wall of the Imperial City, as well as from numerous nearer points around us, and the assailants on all sides were Chinese soldiers. Whether the quiet of the 26th and 27th of June, and 19th to 27th of July, was or was not ordered by the government, we cannot say, but the firing during the other periods, close as we were to the Imperial City and within the sight and

hearing of the Palace, must have been by the orders of the government, and it cost our small number over sixty killed and a hundred wounded. That somebody intervened for our semi-protection seems, however, probable. Attacks were not made by such numbers as the government had at its disposal; they were never pushed home, but always ceased just when we feared they would succeed, and, had the force round us really attacked with thoroughness and determination, we could not have held out a week, perhaps not even a day; and so the explanation that there was some kind of protection—that somebody, probably a wise man who knew what the destruction of the legations would cost empire and dynasty, intervened between the issue of the order for our destruction and the execution of it, and so kept the soldiery playing with us as cats do with mice, the continued and seemingly heavy firing telling the Palace how fiercely we were attacked and how stubbornly we defended ourselves; while its curiously half-hearted character not only gave us the chance to live through it, but also gave any relief forces time to come and extricate us, and thus avert the national calamity which the Palace in its pride and conceit ignored, but which someone, in authority, in his wisdom foresaw and in his discretion sought how to push aside.

After quarters had been distributed and food supply seen to, a General Committee was appointed, with full powers to enforce its orders, supported by various subcommittees to attend to fortifications, sanitation, labor, wells, fires, commissariat, et cetera. These committees proved most useful, and in particular the fortification one, under Mr. Gamewell. This gentleman, who belongs to the American Methodist Mission, had similarly protected the mission's extensive premises near the Hata-men gate during the first three weeks of June, and his energy, activity, ability and good nature were conspicuous throughout. I one day heard Mr. Smith ("Chinese Characteristics") refer to him as "a representation of limited omnipresence." Mr. Gamewell's work was well supported by MM. Hobart and Tewsbury, also missionaries, and by Mr. Stell, another refugee. These had special charge of the Chinese

refugees, kept count of them, fed them, and arranged them in working parties for duties of every kind and everywhere. In fact, without the assistance of these able, energetic and devoted men, the legation defense might have had another story—or none at all—to tell! Another name was also constantly heard, Colonel Sheba's. He commanded the Japanese and had charge of the line they were to hold, which included more especially the Soo-Wang-Foo, and his successful retention of the western line when driven back step by step from the eastern one was as brilliant an achievement as ever a handful of men accomplished. The safety of some two thousand Christian refugees depended on this, as did also the holding of the British Legation. Men felt it was an honor to serve under his orders, and his endurance, readiness, coolness, courage and courtesy were the admiration of all who were near or under him.

The American marines had also a very difficult position to hold on the wall, but thanks to the assistance of allies, and more especially to the fortification arrangements prepared by Mr. Gamewell, and the pluck and decision of the American Secretary of Legation, Mr. Squiers, they held it in spite of the superior numbers and fierce fire they had to face, and the necessity for constant watchfulness day and night during the eight weeks the siege lasted, exposed to a burning sun by day and drenched by occasional tropical downfalls of rain by night. When the senior of the marine officers, Captain Strouts, succumbed to the terrible wound he received in the Soo-Wang-Foo on the 16th of July, the British Minister requested Mr. Squiers to take charge of military work in the British Legation as his Chief of Staff, and this arrangement gave great satisfaction to the refugee public. Captain Strout's death was a specially sad one. With the exception of a slight scratch under the ear, which would have killed him had it been a hair's-breadth deeper, he had gone through four weeks' work safely, always moving around and always calm, cool and self-contained. On the 16th, accompanied by Doctor Morrison ("Times" correspondent) and Colonel Sheba, some duty took him to an exposed part of the Soo-Wang-Foo, and the party

had scarcely shown themselves when one rifle-bullet passed through Colonel Sheba's coat, another wounded Doctor Morrison severely in the thigh, and a third struck down Captain Strouts with a terrible injury to the lower part of the abdomen, and an hour afterward the gallant fellow had passed away. Another correspondent, Doctor Gilbert Reid, known to the English public, was also among the wounded about the same time. When crossing the Central Bridge a rifle-bullet hit him in the calf of the leg, but he made a good and comparatively quick recovery. Besides having the legation doctor, Doctor Poole, the wounded were fortunate in being in the hands of a very superior and first-class man, Doctor Welde, of the German Legation, whose skill and devotion to his work, supported by some professional nurses and lady doctors who chanced to be among the missionary refugees, were invaluable.

Fortunately, several things combined to support the ministerial decision to hold out. The legations were near enough each other to keep touch; sufficient food supplies had been secured from the very first; in every legation there was at least one well, and in the British no fewer than eight; the weather could not have been more favorable, not too hot and only a little rain; the health of the crowded refugees was disturbed by no epidemic; the assailants, although constantly attacking, never seemed able to put forth all their strength, and all the refugees were hopeful, and every one willing to do whatever he or she could do in the general interest.

Of course, the outer defenses had to bear the brunt of the fighting, and, apart from the city wall position which dominated all, and the Soo-Wang-Foo which commanded the British Legation—and to both of which I have more pointedly referred because really part and parcel of the British defense—the French, German, American and Russian Legations had their separate, disagreeable, and even terrible, experiences, and came out of them gallantly and successfully. Further, not until all these had fallen and the surviving defenders had retired on the British Legation—where the last stand was to be made—would its real trial come, although its northern and western fronts were also of the nature of

outer defenses, and it is not to be inferred from so much being said about the British Legation that it alone was attacked and defended.

And so the weary, wearing weeks went by, a massacre the certain ending if our assailants should get the better of us, and our only hope that a relief force must arrive some day—sooner or later. After the 18th of July we had comparative quiet. Untimely exposure on the part of one of us would occasionally tempt some of the men forming the cordon surrounding us to shoot, but, except from the 28th of July to the 2d of August, and from the 4th to the 14th of August—during which days there was considerable rifle-firing—we were not much disturbed by alarms or attacks, and indeed some of us found it more difficult to bear the discomforts of isolation and unwelcome surroundings during the calm than during the din which preceded it.

Meantime, the defenses were being strengthened at every point and every possible effort was made to be ready to meet and repel any attack which irritation or despair on the nearer approach of a relieving force might cause. Onlookers began to discuss the possible solution of the present situation—would it shake the dynasty, or would the powers forget it as individuals do toothache or seasickness? Some one hazarded the opinion that, interests being so varied, it might even lead to war between the western powers themselves. Other refugees began, too, to consider how they should lodge themselves when the siege ended, while the various legation families made their calculations regarding the possibility of returning to their own quarters in their respective legations.

It was not till the 29th of July that communication with the outside world was felt to be reestablished. On that day, a smart lad who had started on July 4th with a note from the British Minister to the Consul at Tientsin returned with an answer from the latter dated the 22d. It was neither as full nor as plain as could be desired, and its news depressed us somewhat, for it was evident that as yet the march on Peking had not commenced.

This was followed on the 31st of July

and 2d of August by the letters brought by the messengers for the Japanese and American Legations already alluded to. We then felt we had fact to stand on, and that if we could only hold out, relief, really coming, was certain. The Yamén meanwhile was persistent in its demand for the legations to proceed to Tientsin, and even an edict appeared ordering the Commander-in-Chief, Jung Luh, to depute high officers, civil and military, to escort them. This, and another edict of the same order the day before, expressed friendly sentiments toward Ministers, missionaries, merchants and converts, but the inner meaning was more than doubtful—was it a device to overpower legations en route, or to prevent foreign troops from entering Peking, or to get hold of and execute all the converts there left behind?

On the 4th of August our assailants' rifles again began to be troublesome, and the list of killed and wounded was added to.

On the 7th, some additional barricades isolated us even more than ever, and at the same time dispatches from the Yamén announced that Li Hung Chang was appointed to arrange matters by telegram with the various Foreign Offices. This appointment perplexed us: would the various governments at his request recall the relief force and thus ruin our last chance of safety, or would they tell the wily old gentleman that their views would be communicated after the arrival of their troops in Peking? In fact, Li did wire to the Russian Foreign Office to say that all the legations had safely arrived at Tientsin under Jung Luh's escort, and all but succeeded in his first move as negotiator.

On the 8th, the firing was lighter, and letters of condolence came from the Yamén communicating the news of the deaths of the King of Italy and the Duke of Edinburgh, but on the 9th heavy firing was resumed and grew heavier and heavier until the 14th, the nights of the 12th and 13th being especially noisy, and the latter so threatening—one shell bursting in the Minister's bedroom—that the Jubilee bell summoned everybody to arms twice. Our previous assailants had been withdrawn and the newly arrived Shansi contingent

had taken their places, armed with the very best repeating rifles and headed by a General who undertook to finish with us in five days, "leaving neither fowl nor dog." Their five days were ending on the 12th and the General was at the barricades in person encouraging his men, but happily part of the barricade gave way and exposed those behind it, who were at once shot by our people, the General himself falling to the rifle of a customs' volunteer, Mr. Bismark.

Our position had been strengthened in every possible way, but the assailants were growing bolder, and the experiences of the 13th showed that they would probably rush it in overwhelming numbers at the next attack.

Fortunately for us, the morning of Thursday, the 14th, brought us the welcome sounds of the Maxims and guns of the relieving forces, and about 3 P.M. General Gazelee, and soon after General Chaffee, were shaking hands with us. The first man to enter the legation grounds was a British officer, and his welcome was enthusiastic; it was amusing to see how the Indian troops took our cheers and responded to them, and we wondered at the spritely step and beaming face with which they finished their fatiguing march.

"Prince Ching and Others" proposed a visit on the 13th, but excused themselves, and the last hours of the siege were marked by the deaths of a gallant Frenchman, Captain Le Franc, and a German soldier, who, just released from hospital with his first wounds healed, was shot dead an hour after; and also by the execution of two other Ministers of the Yamén, named Hsü Yung I and Lien Yuen, whose offense was probably disapproval of the government's warlike policy. One of the Ministers, Mr. Knobel, Holland, was also wounded in the leg after the troops reached the legation.

The siege began Wednesday, the 20th of June, and ended Tuesday, the 14th of August. The Pei-Tang, or Northern Cathedral, was relieved on the 16th, and the body of Baron von Ketteler recovered.

What precedes, as already explained, is not a chronicle; it is simply a note to give readers a bird's-eye view of the unprece-

dedent occurrences of a Peking summer, and prepare the way for directing attention briefly to the future thereby foreshadowed. As for daily details, they will be found in many quarters elsewhere, from the reports and pens of many observers. This episode of to-day is not meaningless; it is the prelude to a century of change and the keynote of the future history of the Far East. The China of the year 2000 will be very different from the China of 1900. National sentiment is a constant factor which must be recognized, and not eliminated, when dealing with national facts, and the one feeling that is universal in China is pride in Chinese institutions and contempt for foreign. Treaty intercourse has not altered this; if anything, it has deepened it, and the future will not be uninfluenced by it.

The first question now to be settled by the treaty powers is how to make peace—for China is at war with all, and what conditions to impose to safeguard the future—for the stipulations of the past have been set at defiance and obliterated.

There would seem to be a choice between three courses—partition, change of dynasty, and patching up the Manchoo rule. As regards partition—that plan, like every other, has its good and its bad sides, but, with such an enormous population, it could never be expected to be a final settlement, and unrest and unhappiness and uncertainty would run through all succeeding generations. The Chinaman is a very practical person and accepts the rule of those who have the power to rule and the good sense to rule justly, with greater equanimity than others; but, all the same, there is such a thing as Chinese feeling and Chinese aspiration, and these will never be stamped out but will live and seethe and work beneath the surface through all time, even under the most beneficent rule, and in the end—it may be sooner, it may be later—assert themselves and win their object.

That the future will have a "Yellow" question—perhaps a "Yellow Peril"—to deal with, is as certain as that the sun will shine to-morrow. How can its appearance be delayed, or combated, or by any action taken now turned into harmless channels? As to setting up a new dynasty—there

is no man of mark all China would accept. The plan would plunge the country into years of anarchy. And for a dynasty to be established by a concert of foreign powers would be an earmark of weakness and disgrace forever after.

Remains, then, the third plan—to accept the existing dynasty as a going concern, and, in a word, make the best of it. The present dynasty is far from effete; its mandate runs through all China; its recognition would be the easiest solution for all powers to acquiesce in, and support given to it would restore general tranquillity more quickly and more effectually than any other action. The possible flight of the court may, however, introduce a new element and require yet another arrangement.

But what is this "Yellow Peril?" The Chinese, an intelligent, cultivated race, sober, industrious, and on its own lines civilized, homogeneous in language, thought and feeling, numbering some four hundred millions, lives in its own ring-fence, and covers a country which—made up of fertile land and teeming waters, with infinite variety of mountain and plain, hill and dale, and every kind of climate and condition—on its surface produces all that a people requires and in its bosom hides untold virgin wealth that has never yet been disturbed—this race, after thousands of years of haughty seclusion and exclusiveness, has been pushed by the force of circumstances and by the superior strength of assailants into treaty relations with the rest of the world, but regards that as a humiliation, sees no benefit accruing from it, and is looking forward to the day when it in turn will be strong enough to revert to its old life again and do away with foreign intercourse, interference and intrusion. It has slept long, as we count sleep, but it is awake at last, and its every member is tingling with Chinese feeling—"China for the Chinese and out with the foreigners!"

The Boxer movement is doubtless the product of official inspiration, but it has taken hold of the popular imagination and will spread like wild-fire all over the length and breadth of the country. It is, in short, a purely patriotic volunteer movement, and its object is to strengthen China

—and for a Chinese program. Its first experience has not been altogether a success as regards the attainment through strength of proposed ends—the rooting up of foreign cults and the ejection of foreigners—but it is not a failure in respect of the feeler it put out—will volunteering work?—or as an experiment that would test ways and means and guide future choice. It has proved how to a man the people will respond to the call, and it has further demonstrated that the swords and spears to which the prudent official mind confined the initiated will not suffice, but must be supplemented or replaced by Mauser rifles and Krupp guns; the Boxer patriot of the future will possess the best weapons money can buy, and then the “Yellow Peril” will be beyond ignoring. Wên Hsiang, the celebrated Prime Minister of China during the minority of Tung Chih in the early sixties, often said, “You are all too anxious to awake us and start us on a new road, and you will do it; but you will all regret it, for, once awaking and started, we shall go fast and far—farther than you think—much farther than you want!” His words are very true.

The first doings of the Boxer patriots show that their plan of operations was on the one hand to destroy Christian converts and stamp out Christianity, and thus free China from the (in their eyes) corroding influence of a foreign cult; and on the other—not to hurt nor kill, but—to terrify foreigners, frighten them out of the country, and thus free China from foreign trespass, contamination and humiliation. And these are the objects which will be kept in view, worked up to, and in all probability accomplished—with other weapons in their hands—by the children or grandchildren of to-day’s volunteers.

I say “in all probability,” for only either a certain kind of foreign intervention, begun now and steadily and systematically pursued, might avert it, or another agency working a certain radical change might turn national energy into another channel. If the powers could agree among themselves and partition China at once, and thereafter, with a common understanding, give fullest effect to the old Chinese idea and discourage militarism; make it a law that none of their new subjects could drill,

enlist, or carry arms; prohibit their own and other nations from there engaging in any kind of trade in arms, and employ only their own race for military and police work there, it is possible that the peace-loving, law-abiding, industrious Chinaman might be kept in leading-strings until the lapse of centuries had given other civilizing influences time to work through successive generations and so change the composition and tendency of the national thought and feeling of the future as to carry it into that sphere of international life where friendly relations, common interests and international comity take the place of dictation, jealousy and race-hatred, and thus blot out the “Yellow Peril” from the future of humanity.

Or if, in spite of official opposition and popular irritation, Christianity were to make a mighty advance and so spread through the land as to convert China into the friendliest of friendly powers and the foremost patron of all that makes for peace and good will; that too would prick the Boxer balloon and disperse the noxious gas which threatens to swell the race-hatred program and poison and imperil the world’s future.

The words “imperil the world’s future” will doubtless provoke a laugh—well, let them do so, but let them stand! Twenty millions or more of Boxers, armed, drilled, disciplined, and animated by patriotic—if mistaken—motives, will make residence in China impossible for foreigners, will take back from foreigners everything foreigners have taken from China, will pay off old grudges with interest, and will carry the Chinese flag and Chinese arms into many a place that even fancy will not suggest to-day, thus preparing for the future upheavals and disasters never even dreamed of.

In fifty years’ time there will be millions of Boxers in serried ranks and war’s panoply at the call of the Chinese government; there is not the slightest doubt of that. And if the Chinese government continues to exist, it will encourage—and it will be quite right to encourage, uphold and develop—this national Chinese movement. It bodes no good for the rest of the world, but China will be acting within its right and will carry through the national pro-

gram. Nothing but partition—a difficult and unlikely international settlement—or a miraculous spread of Christianity in its best form—a not impossible, but scarcely to be hoped for, religious triumph—will defer, will avert, this result. Is either the one or the other within the limits of practical politics or practical propaganda? I fear not.

And if not, what? Then the lawlessness of the present uprising must be condoned and the Manchoo dynasty supported. To this end it will be made to "lose face" as little as possible—but trade in arms will not cease and our sons and grandsons will reap the whirlwind. What that support is to be and on what conditions, our generals and diplomatists will hammer out—once they have freed themselves from their initial rivalries, jealousies and misunderstandings—following largely probably the Chinese lead itself—and then those concerned will have next to arrange what must be done to provide for the issue of compensation for lives lost and property destroyed, secure the repayment of the various loans, and carry out the concessions various syndicates have obtained, as also what new regulations the commerce of the future will require, what form the Customs "Inspectorate" and other semi-foreign institutions will take, how missionaries are to be treated and native Christians protected, et cetera.

What may be called "hand-to-mouth" policy and "rule of thumb" treatment have their advocates, and will allow natural results to be gradually and regularly evolved. Negotiators will, of course, be guided by general interests—though each will interpret in his own way, and will aim at settling things for the best, but whatever emerges as the result of their deliberations must run the gauntlet of the Boxer movement.

The next few years may be quiet ones and this eight weeks' nightmare will fade away in the past and be forgotten, but below the surface is the seed, and sooner or later will follow the crop. To foster and develop a volunteer system for state defense, is justifiable and commendable, but the state must be responsible for its doings, and it must be controlled by and not control the state. To accord religious

liberty or to subordinate such liberty to considerations of state, is not denied to independent powers; to feel the pinch of certain treaty stipulations and, when strong enough to do so, to throw off such as were originally imposed by force, is a practice for which even Christian powers have set pagan states more than one example. In judging on such points, China is entitled to the full benefit of all these considerations. But the international episode now written about shows features in all these connections which the civilized and Christian world must take objection to—whatever be the cause. Foreign missionaries have been murdered; Christian communities have been massacred; natives, whom long years of treaty intercourse had connected more or less closely with foreigners and foreign trade, have had their property destroyed wholesale; peaceable foreign residents have been treated as if they were the armies of a hostile power, have been besieged and bombarded; foreign legations, sacred and inviolable in the eyes of international law, have been humiliated and cut off from all communication with their governments and the outside world, have been subjected to weeks of attack by volunteer, soldier and incendiary, and have lost many of their members from Minister Plenipotentiary down to Student Interpreter; foreign buildings and their contents, legations, private establishments, churches, et cetera, have been wantonly destroyed by fire, and so on and so on—for all these, reparation must be made and compensation obtained, and their recurrence, as far as practical foresight permits, prevented. But these questions bristle with difficulties, and it remains to be seen whether they will be treated in a drastic and thoroughgoing fashion or pushed out of sight and smoothed over.

Some think that if the dynasty is permitted to continue to exist, such of the leading personages of the Imperial family as were more closely connected with all that was most objectionable in these lawless and anti-foreign doings ought personally to suffer, and that partly to meet certain native—that is, Chinese, not Manchoo—wishes, and also save legations from ever again being thus isolated and thus insulted, the capital of the future ought to

be Nanking and not Peking. The old proverb says that "too many cooks spoil the broth"; let us hope that the settlement of this momentous international question will not suffer from the number of powers that must have a say in it or from the number of considerations negotiators must face.

What has happened has been the logical effect of previous doings. Europe has not been ungenerous in her treatment of China, but, even so, has wounded her; a more tactful, reasonable and consistent course might possibly have produced better results, but in no case could foreigners expect to maintain forever their extra territorialized status and the various commercial stipulations China had conceded to force. As to the future, it must be confessed that the Chinese so far have not shone as

soldiers; but there are brave men among them and their number will increase. If the China of to-day did not hesitate on the 19th of June to throw down the glove to a dozen treaty powers, is the China of a hundred years hence less likely to do so?

Of course, common sense may keep China from initiating an aggressive policy and from going to extremes; but foreign dictation must some day cease and foreigners some day go, and the episode now called attention to is to-day's hint to the future.

Meanwhile, the once crowded Peking is a desert, and the first few days of foreign occupation have seen much that need not have occurred and will certainly be regretted.

R. H.

Peking, August 22nd, 1900.

THE PILGRIM.

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

LOVE, 'tis a strange and a perilous path—

I have trod this way before—

The pitiless rock and the thorn it hath,

The gloom and the closed door;

There is dawn that yearns, there is dusk that grieves—

Ay, well doth Love know all!

And the chill of doubt and the heart's bruised leaves,

And the soul's unanswered call.

Mayhap thou shalt thirst where no fountains are—

Love fareth on joy and pain!

And thy desert nights shall be void of a star—

Love's vigils are not in vain;

Ay, though more bitter each mortal breath,

The dream it is sweet, is sweet!

Though its day be woe and its night be death,

Thou canst not stay Love's feet,

Thou canst not stay Love's feet!



THE WAY THAT HE TOOK.



*Rudyard
Kipling*

II.

THE General's flag still flew before his unstruck

tent, to amuse Boer binoculars, and loyal lying correspondents still telegraphed accounts of his daily work. But the General himself had gone north to join an army in preparation a hundred miles away, drawing off from time to time every squadron, gun and company that he dared. His last words covered the entire situation.

"If you can bluff 'em till we can get round to tread on their tails, it's all right. If you can't, they'll probably eat you up. Hold 'em as long as you can."

So the skeleton remnant of the brigade lay close among the kopjes till the Boer, not seeing them in force on the sky-line, feared they might have learned the rudiments of war. They rarely disclosed a gun, for the reason that they had so few; they scouted by fours and fives instead of clattering troops and chattering companies, and where they saw a too obvious way opened to attack, they, lacking force to drive it home, looked elsewhere. Great was the anger in the Boer commando across the river—the anger and unease.

"The reason is, they have so few men," the loyal farmers reported, all fresh from selling melons to the camp, and drinking the Queen's health in good whisky. "They have no horses—only what they call mounted infantry. They are afraid of us. They try to make us friends by giving us brandy. Come on and shoot them. Then you will see us rise and cut the line."

"Yes, we know how you rise, you Bondsman," said the Boer commandant above his pipe. "We know what has come to all your promises from Beaufort West and even from De Aar. We do the

work and you kneel down with your Predikante in your room and pray for our success. What good is that? The President has told you a hundred times God is on our side. Why do you worry Him? We did not send you Mausers and ammunition for that."

"We kept our commando-horses ready for six months—and forage is very dear. We sent all the young men," said an honored member of the Bond.

"A few here and a few servants there. What is that? You should have risen down to the sea all together."

"But you were so quick. Why did you not wait the year? The Bond was not ready, Jan."

"That is a lie. All you Bondsman lie. You want to save your cattle and your farms. Wait till the Vierkleur flies from here to Port Elizabeth and you shall see what you will save when the President learns how you have risen—you so clever Bondsman!"

Among his own kind the Boer is phenomenally incontinent of tongue, and it is to just this sort of threat, many times repeated by hasty commandants, that we owe much of the largely advertised Dutch loyalty. As Van der Hooven of Cradock put it, after Bloemfontein, when he attended the annexation meeting, "Our friends fought too soon and talked much too soon."

The saddle-colored sons of the soil looked down their noses. "Yes—it is true. Some of our farms are close to the line—they say at Worcester and in the Paarl that very many rooniks are always coming in from these. One must think of that—at least till they are shot. But we know there are very few in front of you here. Give them what you gave the fools at Stormberg, and you will see how we can shoot rooniks."



Drawn by
Gordon H.
Grant.

"THEY SCOUTED BY FOURS AND FIVES INSTEAD OF
CLATTERING TROOPS."

"Yes. I know that cow. She is always going to calve. Get away. I am answerable to the President—not to the Bond."

But the information stayed in his mind, and, not being a student of military works, he made a plan to suit. The tall kopje on which the English had planted their

helio-station commanded the more or less open plain to the northward but did not command the five-mile belt of broken country between that and the outmost English pickets, some three miles from the camp. The Boers had established themselves very comfortably among these

rock-ridges and scrub-patches, and the great war in that particular quarter of Africa had drizzled down to long shots and longer stalking. The young bloods wanted roonieks to shoot, and said so.

"See here," said the experienced Jan van Staden, that evening, to as many of the commando as cared to listen; "you youngsters from the colony talk a lot. Go and turn the roonieks out of their kopjes to-night. Eh? Go and take their bayonets and stick them into them. Eh? You don't go?" He laughed at the silence round the dung-fire.

"Jan—Jan," said a Bethulie man, appealingly. "Don't call us to make a mock of us."

"I thought that was what you wanted so badly. No? Then listen to me. Behind us the grazing grows bad. We have too many cattle." (They were stolen from farmers who had been heard to express fears of defeat.) "To-morrow, by the sky's look, it will blow a wind. Then to-morrow early I shall send all the cattle north to the new veldt. That will make a great dust to see from their helio—yonder." He pointed to a winking night-lamp stabbing the darkness with orders to an outlying picket. (Time was when the Boer helio worked by a German print-seller from Johannesburg would have joined in the talk with derision and obscenities, but the German had foolishly got himself shot.) "Then, with the cattle go the women. Yes, all the women and the wagons that we can spare, and the lame ponies and the carts we took from Anderson's farm. That will make a big dust—the dust of our retreat. Do you see?"

They saw and approved.

"Good. There are many men who want to go home to their wives. I shall let thirty go for a week. Men who wish to go will speak to me to-night." (This meant that Jan needed money and furloughs would be granted on strictly business lines.) "They will order the cattle and see that they make a great dust for a long way. They will run about behind the cattle. So that, if the wind blows, will be our retreat. The cattle will feed beyond Koopman's Kop."

"No good water," growled a farmer, who knew that section. "Better go on to

Zwartpan. It is always sweet there."

The commando discussed the point for twenty minutes. It was much more serious than shooting roonieks. Then Jan went on:

"When they see our retreat they may all come into the kopjes together. If so, good. But I think it is tempting God to exact such favor. They will first send some men to scout." He grinned broadly, using the English word. "Almighty! To scout! They have none of the new sort of rooniek that they used at Sunny-side." (Jan meant the incomprehensible animal from over the southern seas who played the game to kill.) "They have only some mounted infantry that was once a red-jacket regiment, so their scouts will all stand up to be shot at."

"Good—good," said a youngster from Stellenbosch, where they train parsons for the Dutch Reformed Church. He had come up on a free pass as an excursionist from Cape Town, just before the war, to a farm on the border, where his aunt kept his horse and rifle.

"But if you shoot those scouts I will sjambok you myself," said Jan, amid a roar of laughter. "We must let them come all into the kopjes to look for us, and I pray God will not allow any of us to be tempted to shoot them. They will cross the drift in front of their camp. They will come along the road—so!" He imitated with ponderous arms the English style of riding. "They will trot up the road. They will follow the road this way and that way"—here he snaked his hard finger in the dust—"between the kopjes, till they come here where they can see the plain and all our cattle going away. Then they will go back and tell the others. Then they will all come in close together. Perhaps they will even fix bayonets."

"Umm! We must not let them get so near as that," said a Vryheid man who had assisted at a white-flag play on the Belmont side and remembered the upshot.

"Don't you be afraid. We shall keep behind the stones—there and there." He pointed to two flat-topped kopjes, one on either side of the road, some eight hundred yards away. "That is our place. We go there before sunrise. Remember we must be careful to let the last of them quite pass

before we shoot. They will come along a little careful at first. But we do not shoot. Then they will see our fires and the fresh horse-dung so they will know we have gone on. They will run together and talk and point and shout in this nice open place. Then we shoot from up above."

"Yes, uncle, but if the scouts see nothing and there are no shots and we let them go back quite quiet, they may think it was a trick. Perhaps the main body may never come at all. Even rooniks learn in time—and we shall lose even the scouts."

"I have thought of that, too," said Jan, with slow contempt, as the Stellenbosch boy delivered his shot. "If you had been my son I should have sjamboked you hard when you were a youngster. I shall put you and four or five more on the nek where the road comes in from their camp into these kopjes. Go there before light. Let the scouts pass in or I will sjambok you. When they come back after seeing nothing, then you may shoot them, but not till they have passed the nek and are on the straight road to their camp. Do you understand? Say what I have said, so I shall know." The youth obediently repeated his orders.

"Kill the officer if you can. If not, no great matter, because they will run to the camp with news that the kopjes are empty. Their helio-station will see you trying to hold the nek so hard—and all that time they will see our dust yonder and they will think we are escaping. They will be angry."

"Yes—yes, uncle, we understand," from a dozen voices.

"But this calf does not. Be silent. They will shoot at you on the nek because they will think you are to cover our getting away. They will shell the nek. You will ride away. They will come after you all hot and in a hurry—perhaps even with guns. They will pass our fires and the fresh horse-dung. They will come here as the scouts came. They will see the plain so full of dust. They will say, 'The scouts spoke true. It is a full retreat.' Then we up there will shoot, and it will be Stormberg in the daytime. Do you understand?"

Those of the commando directly interested lit new pipes and discussed the matter in detail till midnight.

Next morning the operations began, if one may borrow from other dispatches—"with the precision of well-oiled machinery."

The helio-station reported the dust of wagons and the movements of armed men in full flight across the plain beyond the kopjes. The colonel, newly appointed from England, by reason of his seniority, to the charge of what had once been a brigade, sent forth a dozen mounted infantry under command of a captain. Till a month ago they had been drilled by a cavalry instructor who taught them "shock" tactics to the music of cavalry trumpets. They knew how to advance in echelon of squadrons, by cat's cradle or troop, in quarter-column of stable-litter, how to trot, to gallop, and, above all, to charge. They knew how to sit their horses unremittingly, so that at the day's end they might boast how many hours they had been in the saddle. They learned to loathe the business of horse-holding, at best a dreary job; to make a butt of the third man, which, too, is easily learned; and they learned to rejoice in the clatter and stamp of a troop moving as such. Their horses learned even more quickly than the men to be unhappy when they were alone. In short, they were first-class mounted infantry of the early war pattern.

They trotted out two and two along the farm road that trailed lazily through the driven dust across the half-dried ford, to a nick between low stony hills leading into the debatable land. (Vrooman of Emmaus, from his neatly bushed hole, saw that one man carried a sporting Lee-Enfield rifle with a short fore-end. Vrooman of Emmaus argued that he was the officer to be killed on his return and went to sleep.) They saw nothing except a small flock of sheep and a Kaffir herd who spoke broken English with curious fluency. He had heard that the Boers had decided to go away on account of the number of their sick and wounded. The captain turned to look at the helio-station four miles away. "Hurry up," said the dazzling flash. "Retreat apparently continues, but suggest you make sure. Quick."

"Ye-es," said the captain, a shade bit-terly, as he wiped the sweat from a sun-skinned nose. "You want me to come



Drawn by Gordon H. Grant.

"THE HELIO-STATION REPORTED THE MOVEMENTS OF ARMED MEN IN FULL FLIGHT."

back and report all clear. If anything happens it will be my fault. If they get away safely, it is my fault again for disregarding the signal. I love officers who suggest and advise, and want to make their blasted reputation in twenty minutes."

"Don't see much 'ere, sir," said the

sergeant, scanning the bare cup of the hollow where a dust devil danced alone.

"No. We'll go on."

"If we get among these steep 'ills we lose touch with the 'elio."

"Very likely. Trot."

The rounded mounds grew to spiked

kopjes, heart-breaking to climb under a hot sun at five thousand feet above the sea. This is where the scouts found their spurs peculiarly useful.

Jan van Staden had thoughtfully allowed them a front of two rifle-shots, or five thousand yards, and they kept a thousand yards within his estimate. Ten men strung over three miles feel that they have explored the round earth. They saw stony slopes combing over in scrub, narrow valleys clothed with stone, low ridges of splintered stone and tufts of brittle-stemmed bush. The wind, split up by many barriers, cuffed them over the ears and slapped them in the face at every turn. They came upon an abandoned camp-fire, a little fresh horse-dung, an empty ammunition-box splintered for fire-wood, an old boot, and a stale bandage streaked with dirty red.

A few hundred yards farther along the road, a battered Mauser had been thrown into a bush. The glimmer of the barrel drew the scouts from the hillside, for here the road, after passing between two flat-topped kopjes, entered a valley nearly half a mile wide, rose slightly, and over the neck of a ridge gave a clear view across the windy plain.

"They're on the dead run, for sure," said a trooper. "Here's their fire and their litter and their guns, and that's where they're bolting to." He pointed over the ridge to the bellying dust-cloud a mile long. A vulture high overhead flickered down, steadied herself and hung motionless.

"See," said Jan van Staden. "It comes like a well-oiled wheel. They look where they need not look, but here where they should look on both sides they look at our retreat—straight before them. It is tempting the burghers."

"That's about it," said the captain, rubbing the dust from his binoculars. "The Little Man has cut their line north and they're on the run. We'll get back and tell the camp." He wheeled his pony and his eye traversed the top of a flat-topped kopje commanding the road. The stones at its edge seemed to be piled with less than nature's carelessness.

"A dashed ugly place if it were occupied—and that other one too. They

aren't eight hundred yards from the road, either of 'em. Hold on, sergeant; I'll light a pipe." He bent over the bowl and above the lighted match squinted up at the kopje. A stone, a small roundish brown boulder at the lip, was moving slowly. The short hairs of his neck grated his collar. "I'll have another squint at their retreat," he cried to the sergeant, astonished at the steadfastness of his voice. He swept the plain, and, wheeling, let the glass rest for a moment on the kopje's top. One cranny between the rocks was pinkish where the sky should have shown. His men dotted the hollow, sat heavily on their horses—for it never occurred to them to dismount. He could hear the squeak of the leathers as a man shifted. An impatient gust blew through the valley and rattled the bushes. On all sides stood the expectant hills under the pale remote blue. "And we passed within four hundred yards of 'em. We're done!" The thumping heart slowed down and he began to think clearly—so clearly that the thoughts seemed concrete things. "It's Pretoria or the other place for us. Perhaps that man's only a lookout, though. We'll have to bolt! And I led 'em into it!" "You fool," said his other self, above the blood and beat in his ear-drums. "If one man could snipe you all from up there, why hasn't he done it already? Because you're the bait for the rest of the attack. They don't want you now. You're to go back and bring the others to be killed: Go back! Don't detach a man or they'll suspect. Go back all together. Tell the sergeant you're going. Some of them there will understand English. Tell it loud! Then back you go with the news—the real news."

"The country's all clear, sergeant," he shouted. "We'll go back and bring up the others." With an idiotic giggle he added, "It's a good road for guns, don't you think?"

"Hear you that?" said Jan van Staden, gripping a burgher's arm. "God is on our side to-day. They will bring the guns!"

"We'll go easy. No good bucketing the horses to pieces. We'll want 'em for the pursuit later," said the captain.

"Wot's 'e shoutin' at us that way for?" said a private.



Drawn by
Gordon H. Grant.

"Hullo, there's a vulture! How far would you make that, sergeant?"

"Can't tell, with a straight over'ead shot, sir, in this dry air."

"Gawd! Ain't 'e seen enough stinkin' aasvogels in this country to leave 'em alone. Blowed if 'e ain't unstrappin' 'is binos to squint at it. 'E's got a touch o' fever, 'e 'as!"

"HEAR YOU THAT? . . . THEY
WILL BRING THE GUNS."

The bird swooped toward the second flat-topped kopje, but suddenly shivered sidewise through the air and wheeled off again, followed intently by the captain's glass.

"And that's simply full of 'em," he said, flushing. "A buck drive wouldn't be in it! Perfectly confident, they are, that we'd take this road—and they'd Stormberg

the whole boiling. The filthy insolence of it! They'll let us through to fetch up the others. What swine! But I mustn't let 'em think we know. By Jove, they can't think much of us!"

The cunning of the trap did not impress him till later.

Down the winding track jolted a dozen men, laughing and talking—a mark to make a pious burgher's mouth water. Thrice had their captain explicitly said that they were to march easy; so a trooper began to hum a line that he had picked up in Cape Town streets:

"Vat jou goet en trek, Ferreira
Vat jou goet en trek
Jannie met de hoepel bein, Ferreira
Jannie met de hoepel bein!"

Then, with a whistle:

"Zwaar draa—all en de ein kant!"

The captain, thinking furiously, found his mind suddenly turn to a camp in the Karroo, months ago—an engine that halted in that waste, and a woman with brown hair, early grizzled—an extraordinary woman. Yes, but as soon as they had dropped the flat-topped kopje behind its neighbor he must hurry back and report. A woman with gray eyes and black eyelashes—the Boers would probably be massed at those two kopjes. How soon dare he break into a canter? A woman with a queer cadence in her speech—it was not more than five miles home by the straight road.

"Even when we were children we learned not to go back by the way we had come." The sentence returned to him, self-shouted so clearly that he stared to see if the scouts had heard. The two flat-topped kopjes behind him were covered by a long ridge. The camp lay due south. He had only to follow the road to the nek—a notch, unscouted as he recalled it now, between two hills.

He wheeled his command west up a valley.

"Excuse me, sir, that ain't the road!" said the sergeant. "Once we get over this rise, straight on; we come into direct touch with the 'elio, on that flat bit o' road where they 'elid us goin' out."

"But we can't get in touch with them. Come along, and come quick."

"What the 'ell's the meanin' o' this?"

said a trooper in the rear. "What's 'e doin' this detour for? We shan't get in for hours an' hours. S'welp me, I'll 'ave to draw on my e-mergency ration."

"Come on, men. Flog a canter out of your brutes, somehow," the captain called back.

For two throat-parching hours he held west by south, puzzling over a compass already demented by the ironstone in the hills, and then turned southeast through an eruption of low hills that ran far into the reëntering bend of the river that circled the left bank of the camp. Eight miles to eastward the student from Stellenbosch lay out on the rocks to expound his gospel. "Jan is a clever man," he said to his companions, "but he does not think that even rooniks may leap. Perhaps those scouts will have seen Jan's commando and perhaps they will come back to warn the rooniks. That is why I think we must shoot them before they come to the nek and make sure that no one gets away. It will make the English more angry and they will come out across the open in hundreds to be shot. Then when we run away they will run after us without thinking. If you can make the English hurry they never think."

"Lie down and pray God you have not shown yourself to their helio-station," growled Vrooman of Emmaus. "You throw your arms and kick your legs like a rooniek. When we get back I will tell Jan and he will sjambok you. I shall shoot the captain with the gun; but we must let the men go away to carry the news."

"'Ere's a rummy picnic. We left the camp, like as it were, by the front door, an' now we're comin' in by the back door. 'E 'as given us a giddy-go-round, an' no mistake," said a dripping private, as he dismounted behind the infantry lines.

"Did you see our helio?" This was the colonel in charge, hot from racing down the helio-kopje. "There were a lot of Boers waiting for you on the nek. We saw 'em. We tried to get at you with the helio and tell you we were coming to help you. Then we saw you didn't come over that flat bit of road where we had signaled you going out and we wondered why. We didn't hear any shots."

"I turned off, sir, and came in by another road," said the captain, full of his report.

"By another road!" The colonel lifted his eyebrows. "Perhaps you're not aware, sir, that the Boers have been in full retreat for the last three hours, and that those men on the nek were simply a rear guard put out to delay us for a little. We could see that much from here. Your duty, sir, was to have taken them in the rear and we could have brushed them aside. The Boer retreat has been going on all the morning, sir—all the morning. You were dispatched to see the front clear and to return at once. The whole camp has been under arms for three hours and instead of doing your work you wander about Africa with your scouts to avoid a handful of skulking Boers. You should have sent a man back at once—you should have——"

The captain got off his horse stiffly. hopelessly. "My responsibility ends with 'As a matter of fact,' he said, 'I my report.'"

didn't know there were any Boers on the nek—
but I do
know the
kopjes be-



W. L. GON.

Drawn by
Gordon H.
Grant.

"I TURNED OFF, SIR, AND CAME IN
BY ANOTHER ROAD."

yond are simply crawling with 'em."

"Nonsense. We can see 'em retreating!"

"Of course you can. That's part of their game, sir. I saw 'em lying up on the top of kopjes commanding the road, where it goes into the plain on the far side. They let us come in to see and they let us go out to report the country clear and bring you

up. The whole thing is a draw."

"D'you expect an officer of my experience to believe that?"

"As you please, sir," said the captain,

hopelessly. "My responsibility ends with

[THE END.]

THE CHAMPION PRISONERS.

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

MARK TWAIN, on his return to this country, repeated the comforting words which he addressed to the prisoners at Pretoria. He told them to remember Bunyan and not to forget Cervantes. The comfort of that may seem illusory. It is most substantial. When Bunyan was under lock and key he enjoyed every variety of temptation and every possible danger without any other bother than the effort to get the delight of it all into black and white. He was not a prisoner, he was a pilgrim.

When Cervantes was put in jail, the walls parted and through them cavalcaded Sancho Panza and Don Quixote. The habeas corpus, or, more technically, the habeas spiritus which they brought, delivered him into the hands of that gracious lady whose name is Fame.

Then there was Silvio Pellico. At the Santa Margherita the "Qui vive!" of the sentinels shuttled the song of a girl whom he could not see but whose voice lifted him to the heights of romance. He composed two tragedies there. At the Spielberg he composed a third.

And look at Dreyfus. From a cage on Devil's Island he threw a nation into convulsions and gave Paris an attack of indignation morbus which it took an Exposition to arrest.

But Blanqui beat them all. Though in a cell he promenaded the universe. He did more. He multiplied that cell beyond the calculable. According to the seasons and the hours he watched the stars. Venus flung to him the rays of her eternal youth. The Great Bear stretched to him his glittering paws. Before him the Chariot blazed along the slopes of its siderial circuit. Without instruments, without charts, without even crystals, without any mediumistic paraphernalia whatever, he evoked Thales, Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, Newton, Euler, Laplace and, joining them in their search for truth, brought back an hypothesis which has the dual merit of being poetic and exact—the theory that the universe must

be infinite for the reason that if an infinite universe is incomprehensible a finite universe is absurd. In so doing he may have experienced the pleasant sensation of being able to formulate a problem which he was unable to solve. But in that case he probably concluded, as others have, that human ignorance is infinite also, that there is the real mystery and that were that ignorance eliminated there would be no mystery at all. Whereupon he chased the comets which, footballed from one planet to another, mauled by Saturn, buffeted by Jupiter, dodge in rags over the great grid-iron until, tripped by the centrifugal force, they are flung into the furrows of space where worlds ferment.

And so the days fell by. The prison doors opened at last, but only because Blanqui had been elected to the National Assembly of France. Then he emerged, a geography in one hand, an astronomy in the other. They are not text-books to-day, but with them he must have had as much excitement as Bunyan enjoyed and as much entertainment as Cervantes.

But perhaps the champion prisoner was the Iron Mask—a mask, parenthetically, which was not iron but velvet. He also led a most agreeable existence. Arrogant as the Pompadour, luxurious as the Regent and mysterious as Saint Germain, he had as many avatars as Vishnu and as many legends as King Arthur. The majority of these legends circulate about Louis XIV. Sometimes the Iron Mask becomes that Bourbon's son. Sometimes he is his twin, sometimes his elder brother. According to the latter story, the person who reigned under the style and title of Louis XIV. was the son of Mazarin and Anne of Austria. This story has been most generally accepted. And naturally. If it be true there is the rest of the dynasty delegitimized. But it is not true. It is an invention of Voltaire. Others have been ever more inventive. It has been stated that the Iron Mask was the son of Ruy Blas and the Queen of Spain. It has been said that he was Fouquet; that he was the

Duke of Monmouth: that he was an Armenian patriarch; that he was Cromwell's son; that he was the Chevalier de Rohan. It has been said also that he was not a man but a woman. But these legends are nothing beside a story which made him the grandfather of Napoleon. Yet that idea, however opulent, is lack-luster beside one advanced a few years ago by M. Anatole Loquin, president of the Bordelais Académie des Sciences. To this gentleman the Iron Mask was Molière. Molière dearly loved a jest. There is one at which his ghost must split its sides.

Investigations more profound, though perhaps less entertaining, make it seem probable that the Iron Mask was Mattioli, an unimportant Italian, immured for reasons of state. That unimportance was his fortune. Previously obscure, the mystery with which he was surrounded, the attention with which he was treated, raised him in his own esteem. It raised him higher. It placed him among the enigmas of history. The reptile enjoyed it hugely. Could he have foreseen that it would lift him into the Dumas cycle, we assume without effort that he would have enjoyed it still more.

Casanova is another chap worth noting. He, too, found fame in prison. Fame like virtue has its degrees. The fame which Casanova acquired was that of a man of fashion. Prisons then were more elevating than they have since become. His was in the Dogian Venice of a century and a half ago. The crime with which he was charged was magic. It was not unfounded. Placed because of it in the Piombi—the leaded lofts of the ducal palace—in a cell so low that he could not stand upright and so close that he could scarcely breathe, he there had adventures enough to satisfy the most exacting prisoner. He had relaxations too. He read Boetius, translated Horace and consulted Ariosto. "When shall I be free?" he asked. Thereat he composed an inverted pyramid of the numbers derived from the words in the question and, by a familiar device, was led to line one, stanza seven, canto nine of the Orlando Furioso. That line runs as follows:

"Fra il fin d'Ottobre e il cap di Novembre"—between the end of October

and the beginning of November. At midnight, October 31st, he effected his escape. Or said he did. *Si non è vero è ben trovato*. One might almost say *E ben Trovatore*. The lie is so lovely that only music could embellish it.

Meanwhile, having twisted a crowbar out of a bolt, he dug down through the thicknesses of plank and the thicker thickness of marble into the council-room of the Ten and would have got away had he not been removed to another cell. "In that dreadful den I left," he says, "my very soul behind me." He might have left his life had he been put in the Pozzi—the sewers beneath the palace in which men fought with rats for the chunk of bread that was tossed them daily. But the Pozzi were for dull ruffians. The Piombi were for prisoners of rank. Removed from one section of these lofts Casanova was placed in another. There, through the exercise of the magic with which he was charged, he got into communication with a friar who occupied the cell above, sent him the crowbar in a dish of macaroni and incited him to dig through to him.

It would be pleasant to tell of the immortal escape which ensued, but we lack the art, which is a detail, for we lack, too, the space. But here is the gist of it. Through a succession of tours de force, each more thrilling than the other, the un-winged Venetians soared to an opening they had made in the roof and—to quote Dante and Casanova too—"quindi uscimmo a rimir le stelle"—went thence to see the stars once more—liberty also, for after further gymnastics, feats of agility, of strength, magic and address, beside which those that Jack Sheppard displayed in his classic flight from Newgate are kindergarten exercises, after a thousand dangers, Casanova got off and out, got to a gondola and away.

In that escape was his fame. It astonished all Europe. It lifted him into what is technically known as the fashion and led him into the society of kings and queens, into that of the great Frederick, the greater Catherine, Louis XV. and the Pompadour.

The adventures which Latude enjoyed are even more surprising. His memoirs, which used to be *primus* in prison literature, are spaced with shivers. Everybody has read

them and in reading them everybody has shuddered. Such things count—particularly to the author. They made Latude famous. What is more, they made him rich. Imprisonment was to him a career. He adopted it as others have adopted the bar. Yet where others have failed he succeeded. He was under lock and key for thirty-five years. He could have been out in two months. His sufferings were none the less amazing. "Sire"—he wrote on one occasion—"five times have I been buried alive." In spite of which there were about him when released no trace of those sufferings, no indication that he had been buried at all. It is true he was then *homme du monde*. Duchesses, princes, *grande*s were his guests. Jefferson had him to dinner. Pensions, subsidies, indemnities were given him. Meanwhile he was addressing circulars to kings and writing his book.

That book is the longest lie ever published. The Bastille as painted by him existed indeed, but only in his own imagination. The Bastille was a hotel at which for one reason or another you were urged to put up. "It is my wish," the King would say, "that you betake yourself there." Residence in it was qualified by the Duc de Bourbon as an honor which some fellows little deserve. Life there was agreeable and rather lavish. The entertainment of the Cardinal de Rohan cost the state twenty-five dollars a day. That of the Prince of Courlande cost a thousand a month. Polite prisoners dined with the governor, and in his drawing-rooms passed the evening at play. When their terms expired, the governor placed his equipages at their disposal. Except for the refractory, there were no cells. You were lodged in a comfortable room. Madame de Staël had hers hung with tapestry. The Comte de Belle-Isle had a bed of scarlet damask and a service of gold. You were allowed what books you wished. One prisoner collected six hundred. Supposing you to be indigent you were supplied with pocket money and tobacco. Such clothing as you wished was bought and paid for. Madame Sauv  wanted a dress of white silk spotted with green flowers. A white dress with green stripes was obtained with which it was hoped she would be content. Latude

asked for furs and got them. One prisoner asked for a billiard table and got that. From the parapets you could, if so inclined, flirt with the *grisettes* across the way. Latude did. Many of the prisoners had servants. For a while Latude had one. The food was excellent. Generally speaking, the cook submitted a menu on which you could mark the dishes you preferred. One guest asked for quails. "Quails," said the cook, "but to-day is Friday." "Tut, tut," the guest rejoined. "It is your business to look after me and not after my conscience." In no time the quails were served. Another guest has left a record of the burgundy, brandy and beer which he drank. Latude complained because a chicken was not stuffed. Others were not so particular. One poor devil who always had his fill wept on being released. Another had to be ejected by force. Morellet in after days used to chuckle over the memory of those which he passed in the Bastille. Bussy-Rabutin entertained the court there. Madame de Staël held receptions. Madame de la Fontaine complained of loneliness. The governor sent for her husband and gave her a lackey besides.

It was in the Bastille that Voltaire composed *Edipe*. Diderot corrected there the proofs of the *Encyclop dia*. Linguet cracked jokes. The hairdresser presented himself. "Who are you?" Linguet asked. "Sir, I am the barber to the Bastille." "Gad, then, why don't you raze it?"

These people all got along very well. If Latude did not the fault was his. Shut up for annoying the *Pompadour* he insulted everybody. As a consequence he was put in a cell. Yet not for long. Presently he was removed to a room near the roof. There chance, or the governor, or both, gave him for companion a man, young like himself who, like himself, had annoyed the *Pompadour*. The similarity of their misdemeanors led to the miracle of their escape. For miracle it was or rather so it reads in Latude's highly untruthful memoirs.

To appreciate it properly, fancy a vault on the top of a fortress. About that fortress put a moat, about the moat put a wall and on the wall put a swarm of sentinels. Now look in the vault. There are two miserable wretches. Such air as they get comes

down a chimney so criss-crossed with gratings that the latter barely allow the free passage of smoke. The one egress from that cell is an iron door barred and bolted. Behind that door are guards, warders armed to the teeth, constant surveillance, multiple precautions, the hatred of the Pompadour. *Toujours la Pompadour*. Add these things together and for final touch understand that so closely were these wretches watched that a chip on the floor would have betrayed them.

From the sum total, exaggerations deducted, a miracle remains. Here it is. Raising a tile of the flooring they found a vacant space beneath. There they put fourteen hundred feet of rope, which they made from their clothing, and a rope ladder with wooden rungs one hundred and eighty feet long. The ladder was afterwards exhibited. Meanwhile they were removing the gratings from the chimney. The gratings were fastened with mortar. To soften the mortar they blew water from their mouths. They thought the labor well repaid if in an entire night they had cleared the eighth of an inch. After two years of steady work preparations were completed. Through the chimney they got to the roof, let themselves down on the ladder, burrowed through a wall four and a half feet thick and away.

The Pompadour had lost two victims.

That was too many. Her police unleashed, they were caught. Separated from his companion, Latude was thrown into a deeper dungeon where, chained hand and foot, he succeeded none the less in making a flute, in taming rats and charming pigeons, succeeded even in making tablets from bread crumbs, ink from blood, pens from fish bones and in writing a letter which his jailer refused to take from him, believing, as Latude puts it, that its provenance was demoniac.

"On the 25th of this month," he wrote, "I shall have endured one hundred thousand hours of suffering." There were then two hundred thousand hours ahead of him still. During the earliest of them he managed again to escape, only, as usual, to be retaken. Then years passed, marked but by increasing guards, by stronger bolts, by darker cells, by removals from a dungeon to a madhouse, from the Bastille to Charenton, from there to the Bicêtre, where, chained in a cage, eaten by vermin, dying of hunger, he yet managed to write and dispatch a letter which resulted in his ultimate release. He was then sixty. He had passed thirty-five years in prison, thirty-five years for annoying a woman who was no better than the law allows. The punishment has been regarded as excessive. So it was. But it was also self-inflicted. Had he in the first place had decent manners, and had he, in the second, not discredited the Bastille by escaping from it, his imprisonment would have been brief. That it was prolonged was due to his tactics. After annoying the Pompadour he annoyed every one else. Even after he got out he was annoying. Said the Duchesse d'Abrantès. "He talks about himself with a volubility which is appalling." That was his specialty. He enjoyed it. One prisoner, as has been noted, had to be put out of the Bastille by force. By force Latude had himself detained.

Mark Twain is, therefore, quite right. Prison life is a very enviable existence. An erudite once produced a book in which he entertainingly set forth the dangers that may be avoided in remaining at home.

A statistician of Mr. Clemens' ability might now produce a companion work in which, with equal or rather superior entertainment, he could display the advantages of being locked up.





"JUST SO THEY HAVE WANDERED DOWN THE AVENUE OF LIFE."

THE COUNTRY FAIR.

BY JULIUS MORITZEN.

I.

"Here peddlers' stalls with glittering toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country maid,
Long silken laces hang upon the twine.
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine.
Here the tight lass, knives, combs and scissors spies,
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.
The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
His pills, his balsams and his ague-spells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
And on the rope the vent'rous maiden swings;
Jack Pudding in his party-colored jacket
Tosses the glove, and jokes at every packet;
Here raree-shows are seen, and Punch's feats,
And pockets picked in crowds, and various cheats."

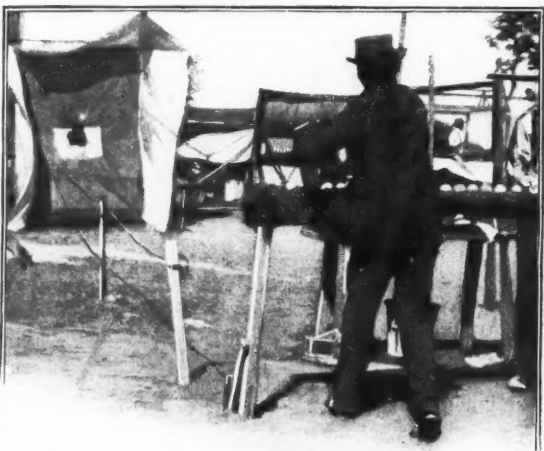
DEPICTING the mannerisms and customs of his time, John Gay in all probability made St. Bartholomew Fair stand model as it concerned certain pleasures of the rural population in England during the eighteenth century. In his "Shepherd's Week," it is true, the author of "The Beggars' Opera" makes his characters sing of pastoral happenings not ordinarily associated with a metropolis. But while this institution was decidedly a London event, there is little doubt that its

more than seven hundred years of existence made of this fair a pattern since copied by every country show. On the score of amusement enterprises, at any rate, it is not difficult to trace the resemblance between the raree-shows and mountebanks of the year 1708, when the first traveling menagerie visited St. Bartholomew Fair, and the country fair of the present with its Midway paraphernalia. Religion, trade and pleasure were the ties which bound Bartholomew Fair to the people of England until the end, which came in 1855. Instruction and entertainment are the two great factors in evidence when the American farmer and his family appear annually at the country fair of to-day. And while the tiller of the soil here is as ardent a contestant for prizes as his agricultural brother across the sea, beyond dispute it is enjoyment of which he is in search, and with things enjoyable he is forthwith provided.

Many changes have taken place in the make-up of the country fair since the early

eighties; this notwithstanding that the general contour remains unaltered. In fact, in his "Popular Antiquities." Brand pictures scenes and incidents identical, almost, with such as now greet the eye on the fair grounds. But science and invention did not pass by the farmer on their triumphal march during the ten years leading up to the dawn of the twentieth century. The horseless carriage is not within general reach of the husbandman, but from the same grand stand where he sees trotters strive for supremacy the ruralist is now treated to automobile races.

On the race-course of the fair ground the hidden energy is even placed in open competition with the equine beauties, who look askance at this intrusive innovation in a field the horse heretofore considered eminently his own. Not that the farmer thereby loves man's best friend the less.

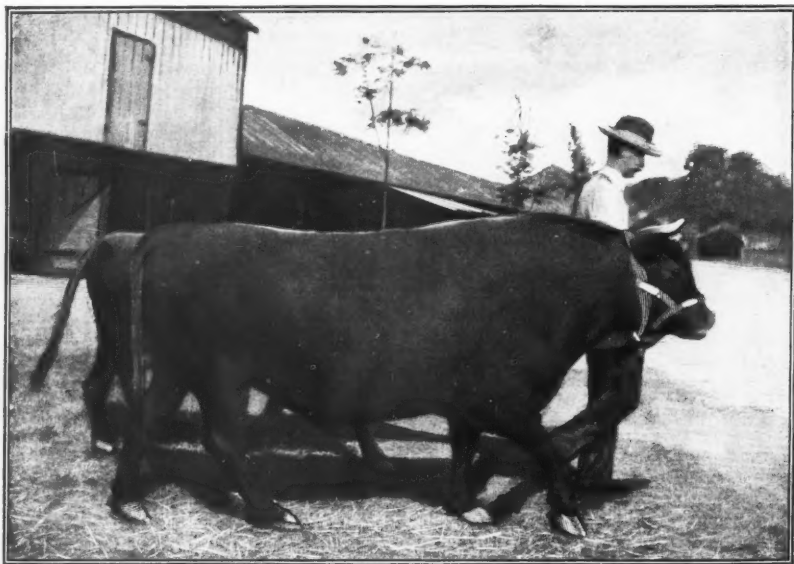


"THROUGH A HOLE IN A PIECE OF CANVAS THE HEAD OF A NEGRO BOBS IN AND OUT."

It is simply one more phase of the world's progress offered for contemplation.

II.

When the early fall leafage starts turning its golden-brown, the season of the country fair is in the land. From the



"NOTHING BUT THE BEST . . . IS THOUGHT WORTHY OF ENTRY IN COMPETITION FOR PRIZES."

towns and villages adjacent the immense wheat districts of the Northwest to the older settlements of the Eastern States, the agricultural element takes on a new existence. The harvest month leaves the field ready for the next year's crop, but before the husbandman turns his brawn and brain to the aid of Mother Earth, he seeks the diversion which is annually granted him. With his wife and children the farmer visits the country fair. To not a few it is

the one respite from arduous toil continuing until the snow lies thick over field and meadow. To the head of the household it means recreation, tempered by the desire for information, which goes hand in hand with pleasure-seeking. The farmer's wife has her individual tastes catered to by displays such as come immediately within her province. Not that her feminine curiosity is

dulled by the cries of the loquacious showman who is on the ground "specifically" in the interest of humanity, as he insistently sets forth. The mother of the family is not averse to the enjoyment which springs from sights rare and wondrous. But as guardian of juvenile minds and her own pocketbook, she considers it her duty to display discretion. Inducements exist in plenty during the fair for the untying of the purse-string.

III.

It is a morning glorious in its quietude and sunshine. Already, on the evening previous, unusual scenes enliven the main street of the town. Like a giant clock wound up but once a year, here is the spring which makes useful this dial of a hundred miles' circumference.

Little by little the morning stillness feels the animation of an awakening town.



"THE 'CONGRESS OF BEAUTY' TENT BREATHES ALLUREMENT."

Shopkeepers get ready for business. This is to be one of the three or four days the importance of which is best understood by the merchant of the place near where a fair is held. To him is due in no small degree the moral and material support of the enterprise. His reward he looks for in the shape of increased trade while the annual event is on.

And people begin to fill the street. As yet nature's

breath from meadow and pastureland is wafted downward without hindrance. But soon clouds of dust rise on the air. Wagons of all descriptions pass over unpaved streets leading to the main thoroughfare of the town.

Of a sudden the clamor of a gong strikes the ear with a familiarity which takes the mind a hundred miles away, to the metropolis. Conjecture is immediately turned to certainty by the whizzing past of an

electric car. Keeping pace with the times, the journey to the fair is made easy.

A motley crowd rubs elbows as the car speeds on its way toward the fair ground. City, town and countryside send representative types to the annual meet. That overgroomed individual in yonder corner, whose raven mustache shines no less artificially than the tall silk hat on his head, would easily do for the proverbial villain of the play. Directly he will be seen treading his own stage, the soapbox, from the elevation of which rostrum he will offer the public whom he loves something for nothing. But, while gazing tenderly on the bulging satchel at his feet—the open sesame, no doubt, of the public's pock-

metamorphosis in the make-up of these young women of the farm. The daughter of the well-to-do agriculturist of to-day may go to Paris to finish her education. Her parents, perhaps, pay her a visit while the great Exposition is the magnet of the world. But to the help, all the World's Fairs together offer no such opportunities for keen enjoyment as are anticipated and realized at this country gathering near to home.

And the young men who till the soil for wages. Apparently they have turned out in force in honor of the day. For the sake of fashion, the comfort of the jeans is momentarily sacrificed, and starched bosoms and choking collars lend dignity to the occasion, if not always grace. The harvest



"THE MENAGERIE OF UTILITY AT THE FAIR FREQUENTLY IS NEGLECTED."

etbook—even the king of fakirs has to admit that times are not altogether to his liking. The day is fast waning when rustic garments and simple manners stand evidence that there is a victim ready to be fleeced. Nowhere more than at the fair of to-day do the farmer and his kin display ability to take care of themselves.

Two young girls, decked out in fineries and ribbons, are also bound for the great show. To them it means a holiday occurring but once a year. True, there are the Sunday go-to-meetings, when mild flirtations take the place of churning butter and making cheese. And Christmas, likewise, brings to the farm-hands temporary respite from strenuous work and care. It takes the annual fair to work a complete

season entailed heavy work and horny hands. Now let the coin lie not too deeply in the pocket. Make play while the hour for play is on!

The diamond-studded turfman is a conspicuous character without whom no country fair would ever think of getting along. The colors of the star-spangled banner almost mingle chromatically as the horseman's linen strikes the eye. He loves the daring, whether in dress or horse-race, and his dream, if he fosters dreams, is of a neck-to-neck contest, with his own darling trotter the victor of them all. He has won races which all but seemed lost to him. The more tense the struggle for the purse, the greater glory for horse and man.

The entire landscape along the route

from town to fair ground seems likewise to have undergone a change. The farms are there, as in years gone by. But the advent of the electric current over the highway appears to transfuse its modernity. The car stops. Through a gate in front of many acres steps a farmer accompanied by his wife and children. The year before, it meant hitching up the team when traveling to the fair. What use going to this trouble when right before his door he finds conveyance for himself and all? The faithful horses can now have their holiday as well.

IV.

The fair ground lies before you.

Even before you enter, the shouts of showmen and brass-band music commingle into a conglomeration which only the occasion justifies. Inside the turnstile, the hullabaloo rears itself into a quantity of wonderful proportions. It carries the atmosphere of a circus, and yet is something distinct and apart. As when a "Greatest Show on Earth"

itches tents, the country fair has its side-attractions in profusion.

But where wild beasts awe wondering multitudes standing before gilded cages,



"SEE THE DANCING BEAR, DRESSED IN THE HEIGHT OF FASHION."



"A CLOWN WITH HIS MASCOT IS DRAGGING ALONG A BRAYING KID."

the tinsel-clad dancers from the Orient. Domestic animals do not carry the fleeting interest of monarchs of the desert.

All manner of temporary structures are scattered over what in reality is nothing but a field; but permanent buildings are not wanting. And the live stock which comes to compete for prizes is also well provided with shelter in advance. But in its entirety the fair looks like some mushroom city.

As we pass quickly along the improvised thoroughfare, kaleidoscopic impressions come and go. Merry-go-rounds, snake-charming feats, dining-tents, poultry exhibitions, weighing-machines, dancers of the East, pink lemonade, tintype galleries, agricultural machines—everything that a fair exacts, are here. Glaring pictures tell of what may be added to the storehouse of the mind by entering this or that attraction. For the present, the exterior alone furnishes plenty of occupation.

The rivalry between the showmen is intense. How much better, more original, more refined, is this embryo Barnum's

the menagerie of utility at the fair frequently is neglected for

display than the one across the way! one cries. Never were such wonderful curiosities seen since that earliest procession emanating from the Ark.

The "Congress of Beauty" tent breathes allurements in the passing, but let the idealistic not assert itself too early in the day. True, not all can resist the chance to view these types of femininity, a trio of whom just now throw bewitching glances at the gaping throng. But let not neglect fall on the other purposes of the visit. Ayrshire cows and bantam fowls would

seem essential features of a fair like this. What about the giant pumpkins, the home-made jellies, the hundred and one articles of domesticity, that are the farmer's pride? The fair catalogue speaks of fancy pillows, of needle-work pieces wrought by hands such as are usually identified with the harvest field.

Directly you shall judge whether blue-ribboned recognition is not properly bestowed.

Turning away, then, from the exuberancies of the Midway, you pass exhibits of agricultural implements of all kinds. A couple of middle-aged farmers are discussing the latest improvements in the matter of pumps. The entrance of electricity in the field is viewed from this and the other standpoint. How methods more than men have changed since the country fairs first aroused the competitive spirit among the agriculturists in the land!

And then you pay Live Stock Building No. 1 a visit.

Bucolic notes emanating from deep-throated cattle at once assure you that here will be found the fancy stock. Nothing but the best the land affords is thought worthy of entry in competition for prizes. Such glossy coats, horns of such grand proportions, are not an every-day sight to those who live away from the farm and all its rural charm. The premiums offered as inducement for the farmer to do his best, run into the thousands of dollars. The

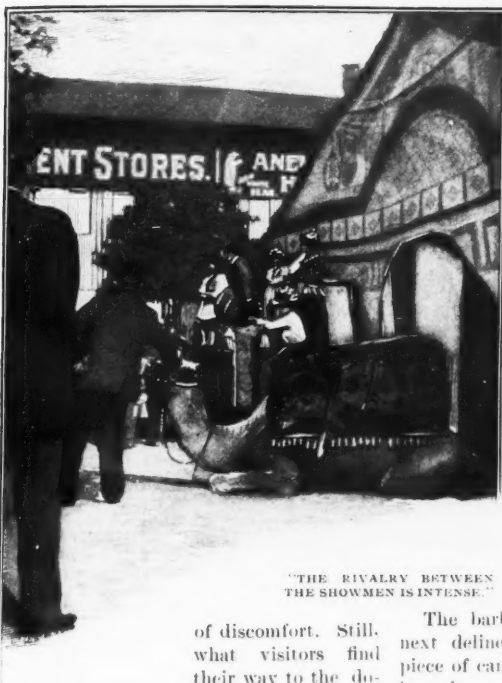


"AN ADVERTISING MEDIUM . . . UNLIKE ANY FARMER OFF THE BURLESQUE STAGE."

first fair held in this country was due to the suggestion of Doctor Thornton, the Commissioner of Patents, and occurred in the fall of 1804. The success of the enterprise was so decisive that the city of Washington, where the fair was held, agreed to appropriate the sum of fifty dollars toward a fund for premiums to be applied at

the following show in 1805. The citizens, by subscription, raised another fifty dollars, which made the premiums a round hundred in all. Now one single entry sometimes takes away a sum larger than the entire amount of those early days.

The sheep, the swine, and those other four-footed creatures that have come temporarily from the farm to try issues as to superiority, are arranged similarly to the cattle in long sheds with a passage down their entire length. It cannot be said that people elbow each other here to the point



"THE RIVALRY BETWEEN THE SHOWMEN IS INTENSE."

of discomfort. Still, what visitors find their way to the domestic menagerie of the fair make up in attentive interest what they lack in numbers.

The Building of Agriculture, to dignify the structure according to the catalogue, in former years proved the center of attraction—always giving first place to the races, however. But where are those giant pumpkins and other grotesque offerings of the soil, which used to delight the eye? Perhaps other fairs there are where the farmer still thinks it worth the while to send vegetable curiosities. In proportion to the increase of amusement enterprises on the grounds, the former drawing cards, in the matter of products, seem on the decline. It appears that now it means strictly business where the exhibits are concerned. The farmers stand ever ready here to sell you goods by proxy. If it is entertainment you are after, you must look elsewhere on the ground.

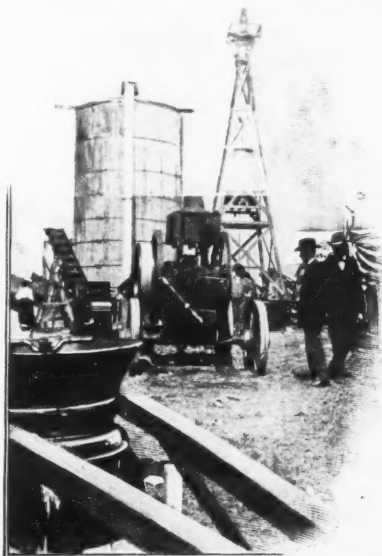
V.

The sun is now higher in the heavens, and the crowd twice as large as before. Such of the countryside as left their homesteads that day, have arrived, and swell the

aggregation of humanity anxious to be amused. The "barkers" shout their shows in tones stentorian and staccato. Dimes change owners under the hypnotic spell. It was the harvest season of the farmer these preceding days. Change about is fair play, is the sentiment of the showmen.

If you tire for the moment, turn aside and watch other phases of this idyllic picture made chaotic. Vignettes and pastels are all around you. How these young women look longingly at a display of photographs! It is a question which they like the best—a reproduction of their own features or the comfort which hard-earned money gives its owner. You leave them still debating between themselves, with the picture artist the arbiter of his own interests.

The barbaric note is not absent in the next delineation. Through a hole in a piece of canvas the head of a negro bobs in and out. From a distance a man hurls ball after ball at this human target. He



"A COUPLE OF MIDDLE-AGED FARMERS ARE DISCUSSING THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS."

has paid for this privilege which is but seldom crowned by a hit. The "target" receives a certain remuneration, which does not prevent him from taking good care of a head which is not entirely made of rock.

Suddenly you realize you are getting hungry. Ah, yes, those are the dining-tents. Scattered here and there, these inviting shelters come on the olfactory nerves with a vigor which the kitchen is responsible for. Blindfolded you would have no difficulty gaining one of the tents.

No black-coated waiter ushers you to a seat when finally you agree which place will suit the purpose. For a moment a

and let the shortcomings of the table not blind you to the picturesque. No gilt-environed Delmonico carries half the lesson in gastronomy.

VI.

The pièce de résistance of the fair is reserved for the afternoon. The races are to be the feature of the program. Before reaching the half-mile track, an unexplored section of the ground has to be traversed. The ubiquitous side-show has not failed also to locate here in numbers. See the dancing bear, dressed in the height of fashion. Take the "professor's" word that it is



"THE 'HORSELESS' CARRIAGES OF THE FARMERS STOOD MUTE WITNESSES."

sense of bewilderment takes possession; then you walk boldly forward, and where the wall around the tables is not too thick you make of yourself an entering wedge. Now, at least, you are in sight of what you wish. But do not reckon without your host. Scores of other hungry mortals are in the company. The attendants in shirt-sleeves dole out mechanically the very dish you do not want. In fact, if the thing had been done with malice prepense, the man behind the dish could not have guessed your aversion better. You object, you reiterate, you implore, but have you not food before you now? More the reason why the attendant turns a deaf ear to your entreaties.

And yet, it is worth more than deprivation to be present at the dinner served at the country fair. Epicureans are not wanted here. It is take what you can get

but an inkling of what is to be seen within.

A clown with his mascot is dragging along a braying kid. He relies on his rural make-up to make the country folks think him one of them. So, too, does the next impossible figure—an advertising medium who looks unlike any farmer off the burlesque stage. Temporarily away from the city streets, this individual is now trying to look unconcerned among those who know.

There is inspiration in the attitude of the next couple, a typical countryman and his better half. To them the fair is a real holiday. Contentment speaks from their very gestures. Just so they have wandered down the avenue of life.

Already thousands of spectators throng the race-course. The stands are so crowded that a position some distance from the judges' box is seized upon with gratitude.



"WHEN THE CONQUEROR SWEETS UNDER THE WIRE BY A NOSE."

All at once a mighty shout rings on the air.

"They're off! they're off!" is the cry from the throats of thousands. Disappointment is to be suffered, not once but a number of times, for there are rules to be observed from which there is no deviation. A start may be made, but the trained eyes of the judges do not call it a "go" as yet.

Finally they are off in earnest. See how they come sweeping toward you, these kings of the track and their drivers. In motion like an avalanche circling in a course all its own, these splendid trotters are now struggling for honor and for purse. Once around the half-mile track and two of the contestants are running neck and neck. Then comes the decisive moment, when the other lap is to tell the victor. The spectators can no longer contain themselves. They shout, they yell, they whistle; it is pandemonium unrestrained. When finally the conqueror sweeps under the wire by a nose, what little decorum remains is brushed aside. The enthusiasts jump the fence to get a closer look at the winner of the race. The record has been broken for

this particular class. Afterward, relieved of the harness, how placid looks this magnificent specimen of the equine race.

As a preliminary feature, the horseless carriages occupied the track. The advent of the noiseless vehicles came to the country people as a novel surprise. Unique in the way of fair entertainment, the automobiles of various descriptions sped over the smooth course to the great enjoyment of the farmer and his family. Many had never before seen this wonderful contrivance in locomotion. Later in the afternoon the enterprising exhibitors invited the country folk to take gratuitous rides in the machines of which they were in charge. The "horseless" carriages of the farmers stood mute witnesses to the fin-de-siècle instrument in transportation. Goldsmith's "Vicar" gives no record of this wondrous article during that memorable fair when Moses finally converted the colt into a gross of green spectacles. Horse-trading has long since made its farewell bow to the country fair. Cheats and confidence men are also rarities at the fair of the present.



LIFE AND ART IN WARSAW.

BY LOUIS E. VAN NORMAN.

WITH a compass draw a circle about the map of Europe that shall include the entire continent, and you will find that the stationary point of your instrument rests at Warsaw. The former Polish capital is the geographical center of Europe. It has had its full share of glory—as history records glory—in the past; it is one of the busiest, liveliest cities of Europe; and it will become one of the great world-centers of population in the future. The completion of the Trans-Siberian railroad brings Asia to the very door of Europe, and Warsaw is that door. The newly constructed line ends at Moscow, but Warsaw is the real Western terminus. Moscow is an Eastern city, more than half Asiatic. Warsaw is entirely European, the first great city of the continent of Europe on the vast railroad artery that connects two grand divisions of the earth's surface.

Warsaw has a population of six hundred and seventy-five thousand. In ten years this will be doubled. Besides being a distributing-point for what Asia wants to send to Europe, it is a manufacturing city. It makes sugar, leather, cotton, wool, iron, gold and silver ware, and shoes, for the rest of the continent. It sends more than a third of a million dollars' worth of beet-sugar alone in a year to America. Warsaw's outlying neighboring city, Lodz, known as the Polish Manchester, is fast gaining on its English rival. Its thousands of spindles turn out cotton for the world. The industrial and commercial impulse that has characterized the Russia of the present generation is nowhere more strik-

ingly evident than in what was the old kingdom of Poland, and particularly in its ancient capital, Warsaw.

There are many traditions concerning the origin of Warsaw. One of the oldest, and probably most reliable, is the account which says that in the year 1108, a Bohemian family of the name of Varzowski, suspected of treason to its King, was banished from Bohemia. It settled on the banks of the river Vistula and the growth of centuries

has resulted in the city of Warsaw—in Polish, Warszawa—in French, Varsovie. On the north shore of the Vistula is the original seat of this family, now a suburb of Warsaw, known as Praga, in honor of the Bohemian capital, Prague. The first historical mention of Warsaw is in the year 1313, when the city came into the hands of Troydek, son of Boleslaw, Prince of Mazovia. Troydek fortified the town heavily and made it his stronghold. The ruins of his palace may still be seen at Czerk, a little outside of the city. Here

lived also his descendants. In 1526 the last Prince of Mazovia died, and the city of Warsaw became a fortified residence of the Polish king Zygmunt. Warsaw was the third Polish capital, Guesnau having been the first and Cracow the second.

A number of the old landmarks of the city still remain. The Stare Miasto—Old City Market—is in the same condition it was nearly four hundred years ago. It lies in the northern part of the city, near the Vistula and quite near the Zamek, or Royal Palace. Every visitor to the old market stops to examine 31 Wazki Dunaj (Narrow Danube Street). This is the oldest build-



MADemoiselle KAWECKA,
OF THE GRAND OPERA, WARSAW.

ing in the city, and its classical bay window is one of the best-preserved specimens in Europe. Near here also is the wine-shop of Fouquier, where (as Sienkiewicz tells us) Zagloba and Volodyowski drank the *miód* (pronounced *mute*), so dear to the heart of the doughty old knight. The visitor, of course, also drinks *miód* at Fouquier's.

The Zamek, or Royal Palace, is not a stone's-throw from the market-place. It is an imposing edifice, the winter residence of the Governor-General of Poland. The present Governor, however, Prince Imieretinski, prefers his villa in the country and is not often to be found in the palace of Poland's former Kings. It has seen bloody history, this palace. From its balcony Stanislaus Poniatowski, the last Polish King, looked out upon the open space, the square along the Vistula, and saw Marshal Suwarow deliberately slaughter thirty thousand Poles. This palace was looted and burnt by the Swedes in 1655, but August III., one of the Saxon Kings of Poland, restored it to its former grandeur in 1748.

Warsaw has public buildings that will compare for beauty and dignity with those in any other city in the world, banks,



PRINCE IMIERETINSKI,
GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF POLAND.



MADAME FEDEROWICZ, OF THE VARIETES.

hotels, art galleries, gymnasiums, museums, cemeteries, monuments, all interesting and well worth a visit. But these belong to all cities and a description of them savors too much of the guide-book recital. What really characterizes the city, what differentiates it from most other European cities—except the great human pleasure-garden on the Seine—is that it is essentially a city of pleasure. "À Varsovie," said Napoleon; "le monde s'amuse toujours, sans cesse. Varsovie est un petit Paris." What was true in 1810 is truer in this respect to-day. Thoroughly to enjoy, understand and appreciate Warsaw, the visitor must enjoy good music, must understand good painting and good acting, and must be able to appreciate fine public gardens, splendid horsemanship, good eating and—and beautiful women.

The parks of Warsaw are extensive and beautiful. Not many European cities have such large parks entirely within their limits. The Saski Ogród—Saxon Garden—and Łazienki are within the city proper, while the magnificent Willasion, built by the great John Sobieski, lies just beyond the city limits. During the summer and



PRINCE GEORGE RADZIWILL.

fall months all Warsaw resorts to the Saxon Garden, which is splendidly arranged and kept. There is a summer theater in the park, besides a botanical garden and many fountains. In the winter young Warsaw flocks to Saski Ogrod to skate. On Saturday afternoons, Sundays and holidays, it is difficult to force one's way through the moving mass of promenaders. If the visitor is wise he will go with the crowd, which, like as not, will take him out to the other park, Lazienki. This is a little Versailles, with an exquisite palace, formerly used as a bath by the Princes of Mazovia, the park being their hunting-ground. As remodeled by one of the later Polish kings and redecorated by the Czar Alexander I., this palace is now a perfect little gem of art. Its collections of antiquity are remarkable. It is situated on a beautiful lake, which contains an island. On this island is one of the unique public amusement places of Warsaw—a theatrical scene, with stationary decorations among the trees, while on the bank, connected by a bridge, is a stone amphitheater for over one thousand persons. When illuminated this theater seems like a fairy palace.

The finest—most beautiful from an artistic viewpoint—park of Warsaw is Willanow—Villa Nuova—just beyond the city limits.

The palace itself is in the form of a nearly complete quadrangle, a great white structure adorned with statues, and even paintings, on the outside. The palace and park were built by King John Sobieski for his wife Marysienka, and, it is commonly reported, all the work was done by Turkish prisoners taken at Vienna. The park is not very large, but unusually well kept, and some of the avenues are shaded by trees planted by Sobieski's own hand.

After her parks, Warsaw's driveways and wide, well-kept thoroughfares are her most noticeable public, outdoor features. The Varsovian calls his boulevards "allées," and he has a number of very fine ones. Krakowskie Przedmiescie—Faubourg de Cracovie—is one of the busiest streets of the city. On it are located many of the churches and public buildings and most of the newspaper offices. At night it is very gay. Hundreds of cabs dart about—and in Warsaw the cocher drives as

MADEMOISELLE MATERNO, BALLERINE
OF THE PETIT THEATRE.

swiftly and recklessly as the swallow flies—and the elegantly dressed throng passes and repasses. The street is literally lined with *cukiernias*—those attractive little tea-and-cake houses, which are an exclusively Polish institution. In them the Varsovian sits and sips his glass of tea and munches his bit of cake, while he reads the latest paper from Paris, London, Berlin. The *cukiernia* is to him what the *café* is to the Parisian and the beer-garden to the German.

But it is along the "allées," *Ujazdowska*, *Jerozolimska* and *Szucha*, that the fashionable pleasure-loving life of Warsaw may be seen to the best advantage. Here the elegant equipages pass in one continuous stream, beautiful women in dazzling costumes, handsome army officers, aristocracy, bourgeoisie, *demi-monde*—all dashing along these splendid avenues from early afternoon till late into the night. Warsaw loves these driveways. Along them also are located a number of the concert-gardens and fashionable clubs of the city. The associations, or clubs, which are "the thing" in Warsaw just now, are the Hunting Club, the Skating Club, the Cycling Club, the Yacht Club and the Russian Club. They are very large organizations—the Skating Club, for example, numbering more than eight hundred members.

Warsaw is a city of music and musicians.

It is the home of Paderewski, Slivinski and the De Reszkes. Its conservatory is world-famous. The great event in the city's musical life at present is the new Philharmonia Hall, which is in course of erection. When completed it will seat

twenty-five hundred persons, and its orchestra of eighty will render chamber and popular concert music all through the year. In the summer the concert-gardens furnish music of a superior order. Opera in Polish is to be an interesting event of the winter season hereafter.

The Poles are born actors. Even after Berlin and Vienna, it is refreshing to sit before the Warsaw stage and enjoy the art there. The ballet in the city theater is splendid, and it is all done by very young girls—of sixteen to twenty years—the pupils of the dancing-school which is famed throughout Europe. The tourist to Warsaw who wishes to see artistically perfect dancing should go to one of the theaters when the *mazur* or *krakowiak* is to be presented. These dances may be said to be characteristic of the Polish people, the *mazur* of the aristocracy, the *krakowiak* of the peasantry. They



MADemoiselle SALOMÉE DE KRUSZELUICKA,
LEADING SOPRANO OF THE GRAND OPERA, WARSAW.

are both national dances and show all the national qualities. The *mazur* gives the color, agility, ceremony, politeness, grace, suppleness, rhythm, of the Polish gentleman and lady. The *krakowiak* shows the quick, gusty, passionate alternations between pass-



PRINCE ÉTIENNE LUBOMIRSKI.

ivity and wild abandon so characteristic of the peasant of Poland. The music seems to be part and parcel, bone and sinew, of the dance itself, and the color of the costumes is picturesquely and artistically perfect. The young coryphées glide, undulate, march, step, trip and gambol with a grace and yet perfect naturalness that it would be difficult to equal on any other stage.

The artistic impulse of the past twenty years that has resulted in the appearance of a distinctively Polish school of painting, looks to Warsaw as the home of many of its imitators. The face of Henryk Siemiradski is a familiar one on the streets. He has recently completed a curtain for the theater at Lemberg which is the equal—say the critics—of his famous one in Cracow. His "Burning Torches of Nero" is on exhibition in

the latter city. Piots Stachiewicz is the representative of a new school of illustrators. A number of the originals from his work on the legends of the Virgin were exhibited at the Paris Exposition.

Literary Warsaw includes such names as those of Henryk Sienkiewicz; Alexander Glowacki (nom de plume, Boleslaw Prus), author of the romance, "Pharaoh"; Alexander Swietochowski, mystic, novelist; Wactaw Sieroszewski, exotic romanticist, the Polish Pierre Loti; and others of rising repute.

Warsaw has over thirty newspapers, most of them dailies.

There are three establishments in Warsaw, two already well under way, one almost a fait accompli, that well repay investigation by the sociological and reform student. These are the emergency ambulance service, the soup kitchen and the popular park in Praga.

The Emergency Society, which was established three years ago, under private auspices, by Count Przezdziecki, now de-



MADEMOISELLE KAWECKA.

ceased, is the ambulance service of the city. The brother of the founder, Count Gustav Przeddziecki, is now the head and soul of the enterprise. The service has four wagons, fully equipped with the latest and most complete medical and surgical apparatus and stores, and is under systematic military discipline. In one minute after the alarm has sounded—by telephone—the wagon is bowling out of the yard. There are sixteen doctors constantly at work, and, when it is remembered that the hospital service in Warsaw is very limited—although there are nine hospitals in the city—and that the emergency work is still supported



MADAME CZAKI, OF THE POLISH THEATER.

principally by voluntary subscriptions, it will be understood how great and important a work Count Przeddziecki and his co-workers are doing. Arriving at the scene of an accident, an investigation is begun, and if there is real distress—as there frequently is not—the sufferer is conveyed to the nearest hospital. If he can, he is expected to pay a small sum to the support of the service for the assistance thus rendered him.

The soup kitchens, or more properly "provision supply depots," are the latest philanthropic idea launched in Warsaw. Several rich merchants of the city who are interested in bettering the condition of the poorer classes, have begun to build "cooking-rooms"—small kitchens—all over the city and its suburbs. From these as centers they purpose sending wagons three times a day through every street in Warsaw with good hot soup and vegetables, which, for a merely nominal sum (two to four American cents), will be sold to the workmen and others, so that there will be no need of bringing cold, unhygienic food from home. The wagons will be passing through the poor districts at all hours, so that these people will not have to do any cooking whatever for themselves.

The People's Park in Praga, the northern suburb of Warsaw, across the Vistula, is one of the two edu-



MADEMOISELLE BIALKOWSKA, A POPULAR SINGER OF THE PETIT THEATRE.

cational features of the control of the liquor traffic by the imperial Russian government. The sale of alcoholic liquors in Russia is under strict government control, and the imperial policy is, in addition to spreading abroad amongst the people "an adequate knowledge of the danger incurred by the abuse of spirituous liquors," to furnish to the people "means of passing the time away from the taverns. Temperance committees, composed of philanthropic and public-spirited citizens throughout the empire, carry out this policy. Warsaw's share in the work is done by a popular theater where well-acted plays with temperance morals are given for a merely nominal entrance-fee (thirty cents is the maximum price for a seat), and the popular park above mentioned. There were thirty-seven thousand people in the Praga park the day I visited it. For ten copecks (five cents), everything the park affords is yours. There are open-air theaters; Punch and Judy and other side-shows; outdoor attractions, such as walks, groves, fountains, boating of every conceivable kind, merry-go-rounds, swings, dancing pavilions, lunch-counters, athletic courts; soft drinks, but not a drop of alcohol in any form whatsoever. For the very little ones there are inclosures where they may make sand-pies,

play games of all kinds, learn to sing popular and folk songs, train themselves physically—all under the direction of a graduated kindergartner. The older boys have races and other athletic contests. Prizes are given for good deportment and proficiency in the games. The polite Russian official in charge of the exercises of the day that Sunday in

August, declared that in less than two years of life this park had already accomplished an appreciable amount in elevating the tone of living among the poorer classes of the city.

The aristocracy of the old kingdom of Poland, among the oldest and most blue-blooded of Europe, take an active interest in the social, moral and intellectual betterment of Warsaw. The Lubomirskis, Potockis, Radziwills and Zamoyiskis are perhaps the oldest and most aristocratic families in Poland, and each has a representative in philanthropic and educative work in the city. Princess Lubomirska spends enormous sums every year in charities and benevolences. Princess Constantina Lubomirska is also well known for her philanthropies, as are Prince Étienne Lubomirski and Prince George

Radziwill. It is mainly due to these high-born ladies and gentlemen that Warsaw has the largest and richest benevolent society in Europe.



PRINCESS ÉTIENNE LUBOMIRSKA.



THE FLAGELLATION, BY ZARZILLO—JESUIT CHURCH, MURCIA.

SOME EXAMPLES OF SPANISH WOOD-CARVING.

BY EPIPHANIUS WILSON.

MOST remarkable among the examples of ecclesiastical art in Spain are the interior furnishings of the churches. There is nothing of the same lavish magnificence elsewhere in Europe. England has its carved stalls and roofs, Germany its triptychs, and France such wood-carvings as those which distinguish Amiens above every church north of the Pyrenees. But Spain eclipses all such works of ecclesiastical art in the decoration of her churches. The wealth of wood-carving at Toledo, Burgos, Murcia and Valladolid is perfectly surprising.

Nevertheless, this feature in Spanish art had a foreign origin. Spain early became dependent on Flanders for her art-workers

as she was for her bankers. Charles V. was born in Flanders, and encouraged the masters of Flemish and German wood-carving to visit and settle in his adopted country. Long before the domination of the Hapsburgs in Spain, that country had been flooded with foreign workers of supreme merit, who found apt apprentices in the Moorish and Moro-Spanish handicraftsmen. The Moors already excelled the native Goths and Iberians in technical skill and artistic taste, and thus Teutonic traditions in art were modified and mellowed by Arabian delicacy, while the superstition and passion for realism, which is an essential feature in Spanish character, became a third element in the

productions of Spanish genius. Among these foreign artists who taught the Spanish a new style of church decoration we may mention Roderick of The Hague, who made the retablo or reredos of the high altar in the Cathedral at Burgos, for which he received forty thousand ducats; and the Flemish Dansert, who undertook the great retablo at Seville, with the coöperation of numerous assistants and pupils, scarpellini as they are called in Italy. It was a man of Flanders, Copin by name, who carved the superb retablo at Toledo—a vast

drapery, even to its texture and pattern. It seems to be one of the aims of the Flemish wood-carver to gather as many high lights as possible on the projecting niched figures and elaborate alto-relievos. The Spanish artist improved upon the hardness and crispness of this style. He made the faces less angular and less grotesque; he introduced a more flowing and less individualized costume, discarding the coifs and caps and furred mantles of Holland, the elaborate foliage of trees and tints of flowers, and making the whole surface rounder, smoother and the composition

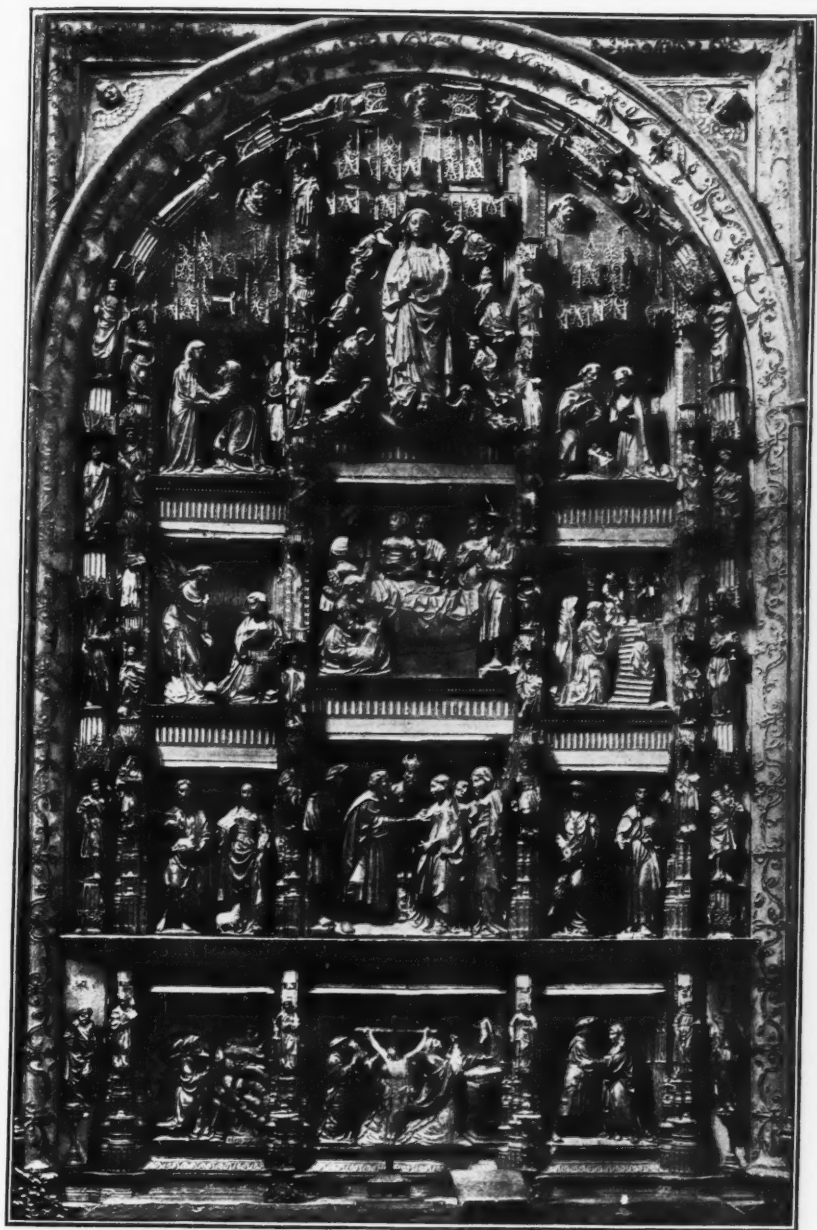


THE LAST SUPPER, BY ZARZILLO—JESUIT CHURCH, MURCIA.

structure in four stages, peopled with a world of figures, and mounting to the very roof. A Spanish pupil, Sebastian de Almonacid is honorably connected with him in the work, on which also many Moorish artists of great skill labored.

A typical retablo is that which is found at Burgos, in the church of St. Gil. It belongs to the middle of the fifteenth century and is a good example of Flemish work modified by Spanish influence. The general style of such carving in Flanders is a sort of picturesque and realistic elaboration. A minute attention is paid to the

more harmonious and graceful. This improvement appears in the retablo which stands over the altar in the Chapel of Baptism, St. Gil's Church. As in the case of most works of this sort in Spain, the main figure is that of the Virgin Mary, who stands in the central department of the third, or highest stage, and is remarkable for the grace and dignity of her face and attitude. On her right hand is represented the Visitation, where Elizabeth meets her, and on the left the Nativity and Adoration of the Shepherds. In the panel immediately below the central figure



RETABLO OVER ALTAR IN BAPTISM CHAPEL, ST. GIL'S, BURGOS.

of the Virgin is a group, which, apparently, represents the death of St. Anne, the Virgin's mother. To the right of this is the Annunciation, to the left, the appearing of Zecharias after the visit of the angel Gabriel. The rest of the retablo is taken up with the Marriage of the Virgin, the Resurrection, the Crucifixion and the Committal of the Virgin Mother to the care of St. John. We notice in this work what is conspicuous in all retablos, namely, the absence of all efforts to make a single composition of the grouped subjects. The panels are put together with something like confusion in the arrangement of events, and we can only interpret this in one way. The work took years to produce, and the different parts were in the hands of different assistants and artists, who carved, under the direction of the master, their several allotments with varying degrees of rapidity. Each piece was put up as soon as it was completed, and the result is a jumble. Possibly the sculptor was not unwilling that his contribution should be looked upon as a distinct and independent work, like a picture hung in a gallery. But nothing detracts from the supreme loveliness of this retablo; for ease of pose, for lightness and freedom in the modeling of the draperies, and for facial expression, it furnishes complete

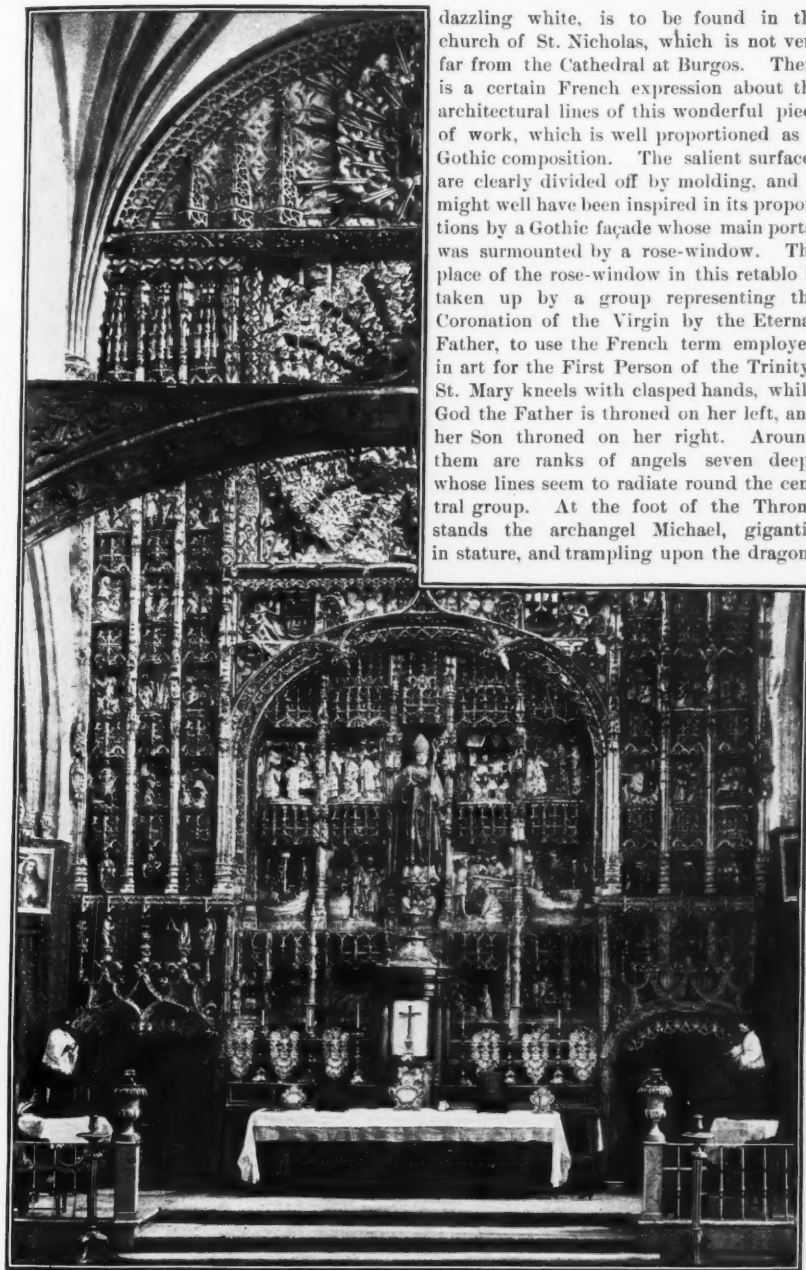
evidence of the readiness and capability of Spanish artists to take a new departure from the somewhat crabbed style of their Flemish predecessors and masters. We may add that the influence of French models is shown not only in the reserve and un-Spanish simplicity of the setting, but in its character. The thickly set series of niched figures running along the border of the work might have been imitated from the voussures of a French portal.

The carving of the Purification in the Constable's chapel of the Cathedral at Burgos is, like the retablo above described, by an unknown artist. These unnamed workmen were evidently pupils of the famous Juan de Juni, who lived at Valladolid in the middle of the sixteenth century. The style is essentially of the free Renaissance order which Juni represented. This retablo exhibits Spanish wood-carving at its best, in the treatment of human figures grouped in a religious composition, and almost at its worst in the plateresque jumble of incongruous forms and ornament by which it is surrounded.

Perhaps the retablo which represents more than any other which I saw in Spain this jumbling up of various subjects, accompanied by a combination of iridescent hues and sparkling points of gilt and



THE WAY OF THE CROSS, BY ZARZILLO—JESUIT CHURCH, MURCIA.



dazzling white, is to be found in the church of St. Nicholas, which is not very far from the Cathedral at Burgos. There is a certain French expression about the architectural lines of this wonderful piece of work, which is well proportioned as a Gothic composition. The salient surfaces are clearly divided off by molding, and it might well have been inspired in its proportions by a Gothic façade whose main portal was surmounted by a rose-window. The place of the rose-window in this retablo is taken up by a group representing the Coronation of the Virgin by the Eternal Father, to use the French term employed in art for the First Person of the Trinity. St. Mary kneels with clasped hands, while God the Father is throned on her left, and her Son throned on her right. Around them are ranks of angels seven deep, whose lines seem to radiate round the central group. At the foot of the Throne stands the archangel Michael, gigantic in stature, and trampling upon the dragon.

RETABLO, CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS, BURGOS.

The corners of the square which enclose this marvelous representation are figures of the four evangelists distinguished by their symbols. A heavy and elaborate molding divides this panel from the square below it, which is filled in with a boldly designed ogee arch, whose finial, in the shape of a poppy-head, reaches to the feet of St. Michael. Very noticeable are the beauty and elaborate tracery of this Gothic arch,

divisions, each of them surmounted by tabernacles of intricate tracery in the Spanish Gothic style. In the central division is a statue of St. Nicholas in full pontificals. He grasps the pastoral staff, and raises his hand in blessing. The best ages of French sculpture never produced a nobler figure than this. The eight remaining compartments, each of them surmounted with rich tabernacle work, contain



DETAIL OF THE RETABLO OF THE CONSTABLE'S CHAPEL, BURGOS CATHEDRAL.

above which are angels supporting shields, the one on the right being blazoned with the arms of Castile, in conjunction with the three balls, which are the symbols of St. Nicholas. The angel on the other side supports the arms of Castile quartered with the Bourbon lily. Two-thirds of the arch opening are filled with events in the life of St. Nicholas of Myra. This panel is divided by perpendicular lines into five

incidents in the life of the saint, who is the patron of young people and of sailors.

I could find nothing about the artist who executed this masterpiece, not even his name; but I copied a Latin inscription which said, "The nobleman, Gonsalvo Polanco and his wife, Eleanora Miranda, who raised this holy altar, repose in this tomb, the former died in 1505, the latter in 1503."

The absolute prodigality and unchecked luxuriance of Spanish decorative sculpture is accompanied by another artistic feature, and this is the utter absence of the grotesque. It may be said that the Spanish artist takes himself too seriously, and thinks that no work can exhibit too much of his wealth in design, and skilful manipulation of material. This want of self-restraint and of reserve is akin to a disposition destitute of a sense of humor. The French and English artists who employed their skill in church decoration saw the point where exaggeration toppled over into

playfulness which are found, for instance, in the Miserere stalls of Norwich Cathedral.

Besides the retablos and the silleria or stalls, there is a special class of objects of the wood-carver's art, to which I will draw attention, which as far as I know are peculiar to Spain. These are the pasos, or wooden groups and figures which are carried in procession at certain seasons of the Church's year. The pasos in our illustration belong to the eighteenth century, the artist being Zarzillo, a man in whose work we see examples of the realistic style of Spanish sculpture. Nothing can be more



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE LAST SUPPER, BY ZARZILLO—MURCIA.

absurdity; where the horrible reached the supramundane pitch which bordered on the absurd; and the edge of terror was turned by a sense of the ridiculous. The wood-carvings in the stalls of English and French churches have in them very often a strain of Pantagruelian wit. This is not the case in any Spanish wood-carvings which I have come across. Perhaps it is to deep religiousness that we owe the character of Spanish carving; but it is impossible not to wish that sometimes, we might meet, in the stalls of the Spanish cathedral, some of those human flashes of

life-like than these painted statues of Zarzillo. The scene of the Last Supper is especially beautiful. The dramatic pose of the figures is only equaled by the expression of the countenances. The drapery flows freely and gracefully and the hands are modeled to perfection. In the group which represents Christ falling under the weight of the Cross, the artist has depicted a typical Andalusian matador, and the details are added with all the pitiless verisimilitude so congenial to the Spanish mind. The same may be said of the Flagellation of Christ at the Pillar.

BEAUTY.

By HARRY THURSTON PECK.

THERE are very few things in this world —perhaps it may be said that there are none at all—in judging which we can appeal with confidence to a standard that is absolute, unchangeable, and universally accepted. Even in the things that seem to be quite fundamental this is curiously true. There is, for instance, no fixed standard in the sphere of ethics, of conduct. The morality and the immorality of a cultivated Japanese are not the morality and the immorality of a cultivated American. What is right and proper to an Englishman may be wrong and utterly abhorrent to a Hindu. Ethical rules, in fact, like rules of etiquette, are mainly matters of convention and accidents of geography, just as temperament is oftentimes identical with temperature. Appeal is made to conscience; but conscience is as much the creature of education and external influences and it is as much affected by the personal equation, as is any other attribute or quality that human beings seem to have in common.

When we turn to the far less accurately bounded field of the aesthetic, this absence of a fixed and changeless standard is still more apparent. There are rules and principles deduced from multitudinous examples; and the world has carelessly accepted as convenient axioms the general canons that are to be found in books. Yet when one has read everything that has been written on this subject, from Aristotle down to Santayana, he will find that after

all, the vagaries of taste are infinite and often quite inexplicable, and that not a single utterance on the subject is really true save that one which is the negation and refutation of all the rest, in telling us that with regard to taste there can be no final argument. Here, too, convention, education, accident, and personal idiosyncrasy have full control, defying precedent, despising precept, and sometimes baffling all analysis.

Perhaps no better illustration of this truth can be adduced than that which is discoverable in the history of man's ideal of personal beauty—a theme that is not novel, yet one that has usually been treated from the standpoint of some theory with which the facts are tortured into a sort of Procrustean harmony.

A priori we might say that here at least was something whereof a standard might have been established; and



EX-QUEEN NATALIE OF SERVIA.

that, making all allowance for the errant fancies of the few, it should have been quite possible to define with accuracy the elements which enter into every fine conception of ideal beauty. As a matter of fact, however, there is no subject in the world on which so wide a difference of opinion can be found; and even when there exists a theoretical agreement upon certain types, the theorists themselves will find that in their actual experience all their carefully constructed canons are flung down and trampled on. The rules for recognizing and demonstrating the possession of

great personal beauty, in this respect resemble many of the rules that may be found in old-time grammars of the Greek and Latin languages. The appended exceptions are so numerous and so important as to make one very certain that the rule is not a rule at all.

If we investigate the theme historically and confine ourselves to its development among the nations of the West, we shall find, I think, that in a large way, the standard of personal beauty has been gradually modified in a definite and quite intelligible fashion; and that the earliest conception of it has been gradually changing in accordance with a corresponding alteration in our physical and mental attributes. It would be rather odd, indeed, if this were otherwise; since when every other ideal has undergone a change, and when life to-day in all its phases rests upon a new conception of what it really means, we could not well expect to find one of the subtlest manifestations of human taste remaining quite immutable.

The Greek ideal of personal beauty was, as everyone is aware, entirely unlike our



MAXINE ELLIOTT.

modern one. It was almost wholly a physical ideal and it required for its satisfaction a combination of physical qualities. Perfect health perhaps ranked first among them all, and not only health but the appearance of health throughout the entire body; for a physical defect of any sort was to the Greek an abomination. Strength and vigor were essential, too, in addition to mere health; and with these must go the sort of grace and imperious ease of manner that come from athletic training and activity. The Greeks were above all an outdoor people. Sunshine, the open air, the sky overhead—these were a necessary part of the Hellenic life. Out of doors, in the market place, Socrates argued and conversed. Out of doors, in the groves of Academe, Plato taught. Under the blue sky, with the sunlight glinting on the snowy marbles of the vast proscenium, the entire populace of Athens sat and witnessed the gorgeous spectacles which dramatic ingenuity devised for the great theater of Dionysus; and when dusk came on, they sat there still, beneath the



DRAGA MACHÉN, WHOM THE KING OF SERBIA HAS RECENTLY MARRIED.

stars, and watched the mimic fires flash out upon the stage to herald the approach of Agamemnon. Health, strength, grace, symmetry, made up the Greek ideal; and because this was so purely physical and so close akin to their conception of a perfect manhood, they found it less in women than in men; for the strength and grace of women were slight and ineffective when set beside the strength and grace of men. Hence, it was not in Aphrodite but in Apollo that the sculptor found his highest inspiration; and no woman's loveliness ever stirred the imagination of the Athenians as did the splendid radiant beauty of Alcibiades, whose petulance and recklessness and wantonness were all forgiven because of his transcendent presence which seemed less the presence of a man than of a glorious young god.

Hence it is that Greek art shows us not so much the perfect face, the winsome



MADAME RACHEL.

face, the face that fascinates; but it gives us rather a perfect whole—a head well poised, a supple, exquisitely proportioned body, clean cut limbs, and an impression of vigorous and virile life. It is all admirable because of its completeness, and its beauty is a beauty of proportion. The Greek types that are feminine differ little from those that are masculine in this respect, so far as they are represented in masterpieces of the highest art. They are slighter and less forceful; but they still suggest the same conception—form, symmetry, proportion, grace—but no especial loveliness of feature. This last appears sometimes, but always in the lower forms of art—upon the pottery, for instance. Whenever the Greek endeavors to set forth his ideal, there he finds it in the harmonious development of the whole physical being, and never in the face alone. And this was natural and fitting in a people who made athletic prowess almost the surest path to fame, who linked gymnastic exercises with religious rites, who made even women wrestle naked in the Laedæmonian



MARY ANDERSON.

palastra, and among whom a father could actually die of joy because his sons were proclaimed victors at Olympia.

The Romans advanced a little further, or rather their ideals were restricted in expression. With them we find the quality of beauty more especially ascribed to women as a distinctive attribute. To their minds, grace and symmetry in men were of less account than rugged strength; but they sought in women the same beauty which the Greeks admired in both sexes equally. This is a marked step in the direction of the modern feeling; but not as yet was beauty even thought of as belonging to the face alone and to regularity of feature. The very word for beauty (*forma*) shows that, to the Roman taste, it still depended on the perfection of the entire person. Indeed, there is little in the

faces of those Roman women whose features have come down to us in sculpture, to prove that any particular type of face was held to be more beautiful than another. Late tradition represents Cleopatra as having been a miracle of beauty; but the interesting composite made by Mr. Goringe of the likenesses of her on contemporary coins shows us a face that has no element of beauty in it—a sensual, searching face, but one that cannot possibly explain to us the fearful fascination which

the woman herself exercised over so critical a connoisseur as Julius Caesar and upon so fickle and promiscuous a libertine as Antony. It is only in much later and pseudo-classic portraits of the Græco-Egyptian queen, like that of the spurious painting upon slate alleged to have been found in the Palace of the Cæsars, that we can see an attempt to give her anything resembling beauty of feature rather than of form. The only Roman woman's face



MADAME BOUCHER D'ORSAY.

that seems to me to have the modern cast of beauty is that of Agrippina, wife of the ill-fated Germanicus; and even this is more or less suggestive of mere prettiness than of beauty. In fact, the most beautiful face that has descended to us from the Roman period is that of a boy, Antinous, as shown in a very celebrated bust preserved in the Vatican Museum—a face that haunts one because its charm is far more feminine than masculine in its mingling of seductive archness and pervasive melancholy. To my mind, however, of all the antique reproductions of a woman's face, the one that is the most worth studying is neither Greek nor Roman but Etruscan. It is found upon a bit of pottery exhumed at Orvieto, and shows the characteristics of Etruscan art—its rigidity, its imperfect drawing, its conventionality of pose; yet the unknown artist has somehow caught the spirit of a face that is



THE DUCHESS
OF AOSTA.

extraordinary, and that to a modern has a whole infinity of curious meanings. It is an ideal face of the Etruscan Proserpina, but it resembles one of the strange conceptions which French artists such as Herrmann draw to illustrate the equally strange poems of Clovis Hugues; and it has an oriental, enigmatical suggestiveness in its expression that makes it seem almost a modern sublimation of the *femme troublante*. But as for the Romans, they kept in the main to the Hellenic theory, only restricting it to woman; and though in the latter days when pleasure was made a science, when satiety called on the imagination to seek out new fancies for its stimulation, and when as Matthew Arnold wrote, making an unforgettable picture in two lines,

"In his cool hall with haggard eyes
The Roman noble lay,"

all taste experienced a cataclysm, still the normal notion about beauty was that it consisted wholly in the physical perfection of the human form as a single entity.

Being pure materialists, as the Greeks were pure idealists, the Romans gave to their conception a much grosser expression; yet the aesthetic basis underlying it remained persistently the same.

The Dark Ages represent a chaos of all ideas, a period in which the old and new were inextricably blended, a period of loss and of gain, of destruction and also of fructification. Toward its close, Christian sentiment had expelled the pagan view of life and had substituted a new theory in place of the pagan theory of art. Rude though the new civilization might be, it was at least a civilization that recognized the gentler virtues of charity and mercy, and a love in which the physical was purified and tempered by the spiritual. All this found typical expression in the usages of chivalry—fantastic often and overstrained, yet still embodying the knightly feeling for courtesy and generosity which the modern world has never lost. Especially does one note the attitude toward woman which resulted from the spread of this new cult. There entered into man's conception of true womanhood something that was new and that was destined to endure. Reverence was now her due, and also deference and protection; and she was



MADAME HANSKA.

From a miniature, by kind permission of Brander Matthews, Esq.

no longer a mere creature to be admired as one would admire a statue or a picture, nor was she thought of as one made to minister to men's carnal appetites and then to be cast aside without a thought. The wonderful influence of the Roman Catholic Church can nowhere better be appreciated than in the results of its institution of the conventual life, which gave to purity and chastity a semi-sacred character and which instilled into the most brutish minds a reverence for womanhood. An influence such as this could not fail to make a deep impression upon the aesthetic as well as upon the religious imagination of the age; and we find this fact born out in all the records and remains of contemporary art. As with the Romans, the ideal beauty was now sought in feminine rather than in masculine types; and because the spiritual had come to predominate over the physical, we find that form, proportion, and harmony of detail were much less thought of, since these have no relation to the qualities that are intellect-



MRS. LANGTRY.



JULIA MARLOWE.

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ual and spiritual. To these qualities the face is the true index; and hence from this time to the present day with only now and then a break, the face, its features and its expression have been held to give the first and most important test of beauty. The contrast between the women's faces limned by the old Italian painters and the women's faces that have been preserved in marble from the days of classical antiquity is very striking. No longer is the ideal face a face of faultless regularity or of almost masculine severity; but it is rather the face of a new womanhood, wistful, appealing, almost mystical, and eloquent of the higher plane to which woman has been raised. As late as the time of Botticelli this type of beauty and this conception of it are supreme in art; and the exquisite creations of that painter give the most perfect and the most wonderful



JANE HADING.

expression to ideal loveliness made radiant by the soul which is suffused throughout it in a glory that is half divine.

The Renaissance, whose spirit for a century at least was frankly pagan, marks a temporary reversion to the Græco-Roman theories of beauty, in so far as once more features yield to form, and the spiritual type is temporarily supplanted by those that verge upon the animal. So in Titian we find the female form set off with all the splendor of that master's marvelous coloring and with a voluptuousness that loses none of its effect because it is depicted with imagination and discretion. The same thing is found somewhat later and in a coarser form in those strapping Flemish beauties so frequent in the canvases of Rubens, who may be styled the Balzac of modern painting. But this reversion to the classic theory and this temporary abandonment of face for form did not

endure; for the modern tendency to subordinate the purely physical to the intellectual and emotional went on unchecked, until at last it is almost wholly in the face that the highest possible ideal of pure loveliness is supposed to lie. This modern concept, however, which in part has eliminated what is purely physical, has greatly complicated the task of defining just what it is that constitutes the beautiful. Moreover, into our recognition of beauty there has entered also our recognition of charm, so that no longer can we say that a face is beautiful because of its proportions, because of the regularity of its features, because of the coloring of the eyes, or the disposition of the hair; but we look back of the mere face itself, which is only as it were a sort of mask,



JULIA ARTHUR.



BRANDON DOUGLAS.

and seek to find behind it and also radiating through it the psychic qualities that appeal most strongly to our individual tastes and temperament. To one the beauty that is piquant, that is full of archness and unspoken raillery, is the most attractive; to another the appeal is made by the face that is pensive, wistful, and just touched with melancholy; while a third prefers the type of face that is in itself inscrutable, but in which there lurks something that allures and makes half promises, and tantalizes by its very mystery. In other words, now that the ideal of beauty has been relegated to a sort of aesthetic individualism, there cannot properly be said to exist a standard of any sort to which a last appeal can be made with confidence. The tests are now too subtle; for men's tastes are now so utterly conditioned and determined by their psychological qualities as to give us instead of one, a thousand standards from the study

of which no consistent and definite conclusions can be drawn. These standards often contradict each other and they are further confused by the fact that many persons, who in other respects are quite discriminating, seem unable to differentiate between the evanescent attraction of what is only prettiness, and the long-lived charm of real beauty.

It is probably but the simple truth to say that, to the modern mind, beauty as such appeals much less than loveliness, by which I mean that which is something less than the artist's conception of beauty but which is enhanced by the indefinable attribute which we call fascination. That this is so and that the modern man is given up to individualism in his preferences can be proven by the fact that of all the women who have deeply influenced the lives of celebrated men, scarcely one can be regarded as having possessed beauty of the type which artists still perpetuate. There is Frau von Stein who nearly terminated Goethe's great career before it had really reached its climax; there is Lola Montez for whom a king was ready to give up his crown; there is Madame Hanska who was at once an inspiration and an



CROWN PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF ROUMANIA.



SARAH BERNHARDT.

agony to the world's most wonderful of novelists; and there is George Sand in whom Alfred de Musset found the impulse that transmuted suffering into immortality, and beneath whose overwhelming influence Chopin gave to the world the exquisite music that was born of the anguish of an expiring soul. Not one of these four women whose names belong to history and who represent entirely different types had any claim to be considered beautiful, yet they all possessed that higher power which made men think them so.

How far mere individual preference may go and how utterly the modern theory of beauty is at variance with the ancient one, is best seen in the writings of those men whose genius has a touch of the perverse about it, and who have enthroned as beautiful that which is actually ugliness.

These are they who like Baudelaire in his "Fleurs du Mal" can find a strange attractiveness in the beggar girl, ragged and unclean, and who can write lines of liquid melody about her *jeune corps malade*, and the rusty blotches on her face, or who, like Huysmans, can depict the ineffable charm of her whose face is sly, whose body is flat-breasted, slim and awkward, and about whom there lingers forever the suggestion of physical and moral enervation. When we reach this stage we have reached the point where degeneracy sets in, and where beauty, in itself one of the most glorious gifts of God, has become imperceptible to eyes through which there gazes only a disordered mind. But the gradual evolution that has here been briefly sketched has brought us to what is in reality a negation. The ancient ideal of beauty was simple and attainable; the mediæval ideal was intelligible; but there does not in reality exist what can be called a modern norm, a modern standard; since the basis of judgment is not possible of expression but is thoroughly subjective, and therefore one cannot assert that absolute beauty is definable to-day; but he must say instead that beauty is merely the thing which for the time some men imagine to be beautiful.



MARY MANNING.



Drawn by Walter Russell.

A COMEDY OF CRIME

BY MAARTEN MAARTENS.

IN the placid summer sunset the village smithy rested. Surely there is nothing more suggestive of repose from labor than a village smithy with a fire that is turning gray.

Under that great beech the brawny smith sat thoughtful. His big arms, in the sleeves they seldom wore ere nightfall, hung idle across his bigger knees. The hard toil of the day—of the week—was over. On the fields, and the neighboring cottages, and the silent road, lay a drowse of gathering darkness. It was all very peaceful and tender, with but an occasional murmur or tinkle; night was approaching, the happy summer night, in which even slow men's senses are stirred by the thought of the fairies' awakening; the kine lowed from the distance, full of the day's calm memories, in buttercup content.

The smith sat, his black brows frowning heavily, thinking of nothing at all.

From the homestead over the way, a shiny-white building, uncomfortably spruce, there issued a long, thin figure, in somber clothing, which figure, majestically crossing a hundred yards of field and garden-plot, advanced toward the sleeping smithy. The smith sat well back, his round eyes agoggle, and snorted.

"Neighbor Blufkin, I wish you a good-evening," said the lanky old person in the black tail-coat.

"Good-evening, Neighbor Boll," grumped the smith.

The first speaker blinked his eyes. "To-morrow is the blessed Sabbath," he said.

"Damn the blessed Sabbath!" was the unexpected reply.

Elder Boll uplifted his lean hands to the listening skies. An awful silence spread down from them upon the little group—the smithy, the beech, the two men.

"I beg its pardon," presently began the smith, his cheerful face ashamed, "I'm sure I beg the blessed Sabbath's humble pardon. I didn't mean to say as much as that. It's blasphemy. But you make me do it, Neighbor Boll."

"I forgive you with all my heart," said Elder Boll. "But, I hope, neighbor, that you now have duly considered my warning and exhortation of the night—let me see—the night before last." He cautiously let himself down on the seat beside his burly victim, a proceeding of considerable difficulty, as the victim did not budge.

"The night before last and every other night," spitefully retorted the smith. "It's just jaw—jaw—jaw. Well, you may jaw till Doomsday. I can't run away."

"Doomsday, indeed!" echoed the elder, and dreadful thunder rolled with relish through his tones. "Doom! Doom! Doom!"

"Now it's you that's swearing," said the smith, reproachfully, and wedged the tobacco down into his pipe.

"I shan't get tired! Don't fear," continued Boll, wagging his cadaverous face to and fro. "No, I'll warn you, neighbor; I'll reprove you! I'll exhort you—there's no escaping me, Blufkin. 'Sarah,' says I to my wife every night, 'I'll never rest till I've brought that man, like a penitent, into the sacred edifice again!'"

"I'd have gone back a month ago, if it hadn't been for you," snorted the smith.

"Ah, *there* speaks the voice of the scorner. But you needn't try to escape me, neighbor. No peace shall I know—nor you—till I've saved John Blufkin from his reprobate, hardened, impenitent condition, saved him like a—like a——"

"Don't you burn your fingers," interposed the smith, threateningly.

"Brand from the burning?" triumphantly exclaimed the elder, catching at the simile. He sat up, or rather "clung up," as well as he could, on his end of the seat and eyed, with calm certitude, the big mass beside him.

"Now, look ye here!" bellowed the smith. "See what happens. Last Kermesse-time—and damn all Kermesses, says I—that's not blasphemy, but religion—last Kermesse-time—there never was a little misfortune befell in a village or Kermesse was to blame for it ['Amen!'] said the elder]—last Kermesse-time I finds a young fool a-trying to kiss my girl Suzie against her will. In the booth it was, where the five-legged calf was—*my girl!*" He started up with a roar, and shook his mighty fist in the frightened elder's face.

The latter, shrinking back precipitately, lost his uncertain balance off the seat's edge, and subsided upon a heap of rusty barrel-hoops that lay handy by the smith's door. He was up again in a moment, with a squeak. As he hurriedly and anxiously began rubbing himself, the rude blacksmith's laughter rang loud and long.

"Why the devil can't you sit when you sit?" said the smith. "What's the use of seating yourself like that beside as good a bench as ever bore a weight like mine onto nothing at all?"

"Onto barrel-hoops," corrected the old man, savagely. "Untidy heaps of rubbish lying about a respectable man's house, and on Saturday evening, too!"

"I'm not a respectable man," retorted the

smith, with vigor, "and nobody knows it better'n you. When I hears my girl cry out I goes for that young fellow, and I gives him what for. I don't say I didn't give him more than what I intended——"

"You half killed him," interrupted the elder, viciously. "You'd had too much, and he'd had too much, and you forgot that vengeance is Mine——"

"Yours?" cried the indignant smith. "You think you can put your finger——"

"Blufkin, you are a heathen! I *pity* you!" piped the shrill old man, with immeasurable scorn. "Surely you know that vengeance wasn't yours, but——"

"Yes, that's what the magistrate said," continued Blufkin, sullenly. "'Don't you know,' says he, 'that the police are there to repress misconduct?' Police! Repress! Damn the police! I wouldn't apologize, not on a red-hot gridiron, for swearing at them!"

"I am an old man," said Elder Boll, with admirable forethought, "and I tell you you are a profane brawler. And what did you get for your pains? Eight days' imprisonment. For the rest of your life you stand marked a——"

"Don't say the word again!" burst in the enraged Blufkin.

"Well, I'll only think it," retorted the elder. "All the village thinks it, and always will."

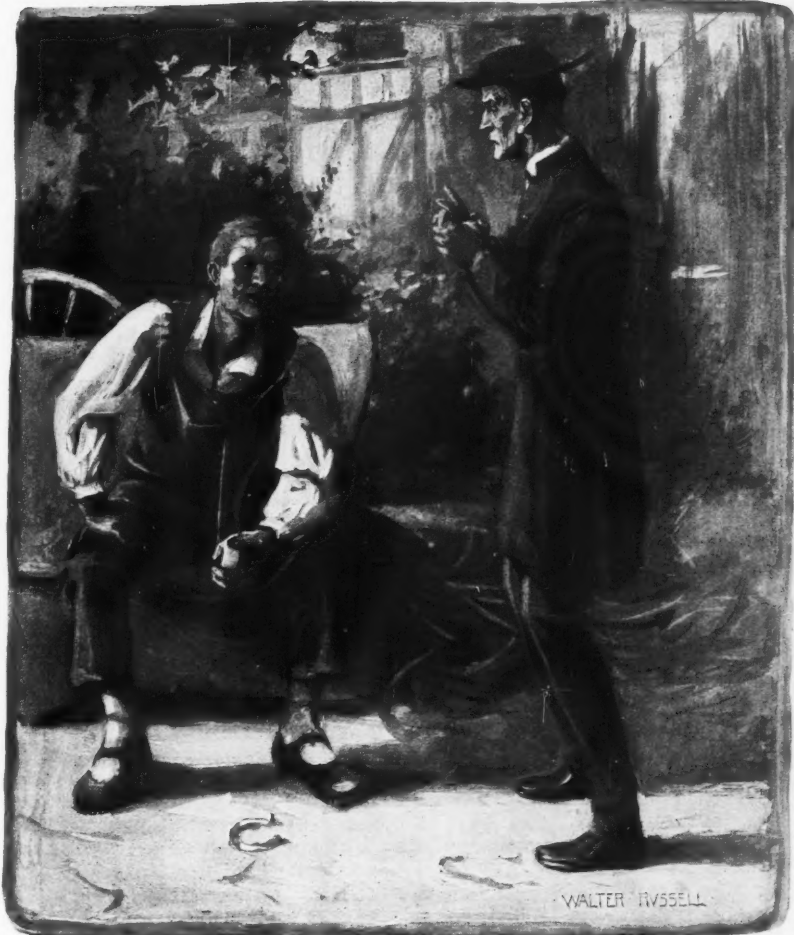
The other ground his teeth, and the veins stood out black upon his forehead.

"And therefore I say unto you repent," continued the elder, sweetly gazing at the pale-blue sky. "You just come back to church; we'll all see that means you're sorry. Henk, that you half killed, 'll see you're sorry. He won't mind. You just come. We'll see you're sorry. That'll be repentance, atonement, remorse, a begging of everybody's pardons for the public offense; a humbling of yourself in the day of your abasement." He rose up, in all his rusty lankiness, and projected his piercing finger at Blufkin's chest.

"You go home," gurgled Blufkin.

The elder carefully surveyed his companion's countenance, and then suddenly walked off without saying good-night.

It was almost dark now. In the softly shaded night, all balm and tranquil happiness, the blacksmith's pretty daughter that



Drawn by Walter Russell.

"TO-MORROW IS THE BLESSED SABBATH," SAID ELDER BOLL.

the Kermesse row had been about, sweet, simple Suzie, the apple of her father's eye, came down the quiet country road on her return from the weekly mission meeting. Beside her walked Peter Boll, the elder's son, that was learning for lay evangelist, a sort of electroplated parson.

"How sweet the air is!" said Peter.

"It is," said Suzie.

"But not as sweet as you," suggested Peter.

"How silly!" answered Suzie.

"It's the truth!" cried the lovesick swain.

"Gospel truth?" demanded Suzie, thereby catching the future theologian on the horns of a dilemma.

"Well, it's true enough for you and me," he made cautious reply. "Don't you like to hear me say it, Suzie?" he continued.

"Of course I like it in a way," frankly answered the girl. "Leastwise, I suppose I shall when you've spoken to father."

"I'll speak to your father as soon as I can. You don't think, Suzie, there's any chance to-morrow?"

But Suzie shook her head.

"If father'd been a-going to church to-morrow, he'd have got himself shaved at the barber's to-night."

The young man sighed. "Still, there's no knowing, for certain," he ventured.

"If the spirit was to move him——"

Suzie shook her head all the harder. "The spirit couldn't move him unshaved," she said.

"Father is that set on it!" groaned Peter. "He hasn't a good word for the smith. 'Jailbird,' he calls him. 'Jailbird.' I get sick of the word"—Suzie stamped one pretty foot—"don't you get angry, Suzie: he *is* an unrighteous unbeliever. Father's only thinking of his soul."

"You leave my father's soul alone," said Suzie.

"I'm not meddling with it, but, you see, I ain't an elder. When I've been ordained a preacher—I shall have to meddle with it then!" He lifted a complacent smile to the lofty vault of heaven. A solitary star returned the smile.

"My own father-in-law!" he added. "I shall have to convert him then."

"You'll find it pretty hard work," replied Suzie, with a shrug of her shapely shoulders.

"Pooh, I tell you I'm bound to convert him. A pretty name I should get as a preacher, if I couldn't convert my own father-in-law."

"Well, you try," exclaimed Suzie, in a pet. "He's not your father-in-law yet, and I'm not at all sure he ever will be. Father's worth two of you, Peter. He licked Henk for making me cry out. You'll never lick Henk!"

"He's stronger'n me," replied Peter; "I must think of my good-conduct test. If anybody was to show impediment——"

"Oh, there's nothing wrong about your good-conduct test, I'll be bound. Poor father! You wouldn't have licked Henk."

"Licking's sinful; the Bible says we should turn the other cheek."

"Yes, that's what I ought to have done to Henk," remarked Suzie, complacently. "It was silly of me to cry out like that,

and at Kermesse-time, too. He meant no harm, but he'd drunk too much."

"Suzan, for shame!" The aspirant preacher fell back.

"Henk isn't half a bad fellow! I like him," cried Suzie, wilfully. They stood still by the fence round the smith's garden, where the side-road curves into the laurel-bushes.

"Say another word, and I *will* thrash him!" cried the infatuated lover.

"Do," said a hearty voice, and a figure, stepping forth from the shade of the bushes, brushed the candidate aside, as a broom might sweep away a cobweb. "You'll have to, if you stop another minute, for I'm going to kiss Suzie again."

"Don't. Go away," said Suzie. She almost let the two sentences run into one.

"There's two things I want to tell you, Suzie, before I do," continued Henk. "First, I'm sorry I was a brute to frighten you. Secondly, your father didn't hurt me much. All the talk about death's door was malicious slander, set about by some people—they best know why." He shot the last sentence at Peter.

"Don't shout so, for heaven's sake!" gasped Suzie.

But her warning came too late. A big head appeared over the tall fence, and the smith's loud bass demanded:

"Suzie, who's with you there? Come in."

"Father's standing on that horrid rain-barrel," whispered Suzie. "It's all right, father. Only Peter Boll, walking home."

"You come in at once!" The smith stumbled off his rain-barrel.

"Now you mark this," declared Blufkin, as soon as his rosy-faced daughter made her innocent entry into the kitchen, "I'll have no flirtation with Peter Boll."

"Oh!" said Suzie. "Mother!"

The cheeriest, healthiest, handsomest old cluck in the village immediately responded to the cry of her chick.

"Now, don't you talk foolishness, Blufkin," interposed the fat vrouw, laughing, because she always laughed when she spoke, unless there were cause for tears. "I suppose you don't want the prettiest girl in the country to marry at all?"

"I don't say that."

"Well, it looks as if you meant it. One young fellow comes courting her, and

you give him a black eye; another——”
 “He’s a wild ‘un,” interrupted the smith.

“Granted that he be a bit wild before marriage. You was wild after. And Peter Boll. Too good, I suppose?”

“Yes,” thundered the smith. “You’ve hit it, old lady. Peter’s too good. No son-in-law of mine shall turn up the whites of his eyes at his wife’s father. I’ve enough of the old man’s preaching; I won’t stand the son’s!” He banged his fist on the table at “won’t,” and Suzie screamed. “‘Jailbird!’ says the old hypocrite. ‘Jailbird!’ pipes the young one. I’m a jailbird, am I?” He threw out his chest and faced the two women.

“Well, you are, after a way,” replied the wife, thinking to soften him.

“I’m a jailbird, am I?” he repeated quietly, turning to his daughter.

“Oh, father, I don’t know.”

“Yes, you do. Am I a jailbird?”

“Of course you are, in a way,” stammered Suzie, beginning to cry.

“Of course I am. Now, mark my words. Your mother says I make difficulties about your marrying whom you like or she likes! No, I don’t, none but one. The man that you marry must have been in prison, Suzie. That’s all that I ask.” He turned on his heel.

“What on earth does the creature mean?” exclaimed the mother.

Blufkin paused by the door. “What he says,” was his stern reply. “You want no better son-in-law than your husband, mistress. There’s dozens of honest young fellows have got into scrapes about poaching or fighting or larking, a hundred times better than the sneaks that have kept out. And Suzie shall have a jailbird for a husband, or she shan’t bring the man into this house!” He waited in the doorway as if half irresolute. “I swear it by all that’s sacred,” he said, and disappeared into the smithy.

All the color had gone from the mother’s ruddy cheeks. “Oh, if only he hadn’t said them last words!” she sobbed, and sank down on a chair.

“He don’t mean ‘em,” exclaimed Suzie, scared; “he often says ‘em.”

“Never, child. Mean ‘em or not, he’ll stick to them now. When father says

‘by all that’s solemn’, he don’t count that for much. But, Suzie, when I married the good man, he swore to me ‘by all that’s sacred’ he’d never get drunk again except at Kermesse-time. He’d broke his oath before”——the poor woman’s tones went shaky——“but ‘I’ll swear to you by all that’s sacred,’ he says with a frightened face, and, Suzie, he’s kept to it; he wouldn’t dare not.”

Suzie lifted up her voice and wailed.

“During all these twenty years he’s never got drunk, except at Kermesse, regular. And when he came back from—jail last month, he walks into this kitchen here with a face as white as yon tablecloth, and ‘I’ll stick to my two drams a day,’ he says, ‘Kermesse or not,’ he says; ‘I swear it by all that’s sacred.’ I’ve never heard him say it but just that twice, and now. Oh, Suzie, you’ll never be able to marry Peter now! Are you really sure you want to?”

“Yes,” said Suzie, rebelliously.

“Well, there’s no accounting for tastes,” groaned the mother. “And it’s very sudden, Suzie. You never used to think much of him, the canting—h’m. It was always Henk I thought you liked.”

“Never!” exclaimed Suzie, with quite superfluous vehemence, turning very red.

Her mother stole a glance at her.

“There’d be some chance for Henk,” said the vrouw, with a little ripple of humor, “though I never heard of his poaching. Well, a girl must have her own way about a husband. I had mine. Though if you was to ask me, Suzie, I *think* you’re acting like the squire’s daughter I was lady’s-maid to, who married the wrong man, and that’s why they called it ‘pick.’”

“Father’s drove away Henk,” murmured Suzie.

“Well, child, you needn’t have screamed so loud. And at Kermesse-time, too, and your father so hasty. Your father’s like a lord about his womanfolk; I will say that. There, call him in to supper. Hear him knocking bits of cold iron about!”

The meal was a gloomy one, but a few hours later Suzie’s rather sulky slumbers were disturbed by the well-known sound of her mother’s laugh. She opened her eyes to the glare of a candle and the shak-

ing of a loose white mass. The ponderous vrouw sank into a chair by the bedside.

"What is it, mother?" asked Suzie, not overgraciously.

"Suzie—hi! hi! hi!—now tell me, Suzie, you're quite sure you want to marry Parson Peter Boll?"

"I don't know. Let me sleep," answered the poor girl, closing her eyes.

"Well, you shall have your choice. A girl seldom changes her mind when it's set on the wrong 'un. If you want Peter you shall have him, child. I had to come and tell you that. I've got an idea."

She rose heavily, still shaking her sides, and moved toward the door. "It come to me as I was undoing my back hair," she said.

"What idea?" cried Suzie, suddenly bolt upright in the bed.

"I'll tell you all about it in the morning. I must work it out."

"Well, I can afford to wait."

"That's a bad sign for Peter," replied the vrouw, closing the door behind her.

Next morning being the Sabbath, everybody went to church, except Blufkin. He stood, uncomfortable, behind his window, and watched the people go.

And he stood defiant before his door and saw them all come back. His wife and daughter walked slowly beside Peter. Before they separated, the vrouw's idea had taken more definite shape.

"Who wills the end must will the means." The smith's wife quoted this bit of well-worn wisdom several times to Peter before she could get him to see how true it is. Her plan, in half a dozen words, was this: The smith, whose honest self-respect had been unduly humiliated, must be humored in this crotchet of his about having a son-in-law no better than himself. To put the matter plainly, Peter must be helped to commit a crime. The vrouw herself felt that Peter, unabashed, would be a trial beyond endurance.

"But I can't sin," pleaded Peter.

"Nor you needn't," replied the ready vrouw. "You can take the money—won't it be yours when you marry Suzan?—besides, you'll return the box to me an hour later."

"I can't do it," said Peter.

"And I'll show you what's inside."

Peter pricked up his ears. "I can't," he repeated, with the decision of weakness.

"If I was to be found out——"

"Where'd your good-conduct test be?" interjected Suzie, slyly.

"Well, then, do the other thing—what I said first. It's the better," cried the vrouw, her face all ripples of laughter. "Go for Henk."

"I cuc—cuc—can't," gasped the wretched youth.

"Or you might try a bit of honest poaching."

"Lord! I might get shot!" cried Peter. "That's worse than a fight."

"Well, that's what I thought," said the vrouw, decidedly. "I thought you'd mind priggging something least. I promise you I'll make things right enough. I'll explain to the smith, and he'll be glad to get quit of his foolish oath. The box with the money that Suzie's great-aunt left her is in the wardrobe in my bedroom. I'll leave the door unlocked. The good man sleeps in the parlor all Sunday evening. You'll put the ladder to the window at the back—hi! hi! You'll bring me the box at once, and before I tell the smith a word I'll make him swear by all that's sacred that Suzie shall marry you, if she wants to, as soon as you've done something could get you into prison!" The jolly vrouw laughed on, as Peter thought, beyond rational cause for laughter.

"But he'll call me a thief," expostulated Peter.

"Only between ourselves; he'd never shame his daughter's husband in public. And the pleasure of calling Elder Boll's son a thief!—he'd take you for that alone."

"But not if he thinks I *am* a thief!"

"Does your father think my man a 'jail-bird'?" She turned on him triumphantly. "Do you want to marry Suzie or don't you? Well, nothing'll prove your love to him like you doing all this for her sake. And he'll have his gibe ready to fling at you when you start preaching righteousness—as you will."

"There's no sin, as I can see," said Peter, reflectively; "but there's a risk."

"Yes, the box is heavy," continued the smith's wife. "There's a good deal in the box; you'll know it by its weight. You're



Drawn by Walter Russell.

"PETER!" SCREAMED THE HORRIFIED ELDER.

sure you want to marry Suzie?" She stole an ugly look at him from out her cheerful eyes.

"You needn't ask him again, please, mother," said Suzie, with uplifted nose.

Peter gazed at the pretty tilted feature, but, alas! his thoughts were of the box. Suzie was known to have inherited money; the wildest rumors circulated as to the amount. Had ever mercenary lover a better opportunity before marriage of finding out exactly what he loved?

"You'll show me what's inside?" he said.

"I keep my promises," answered the vrouw, shortly. "Yes."

"And you'll lock the parlor door?"

"Don't I tell you he's asleep all Sunday evening? A-sitting looking up the road with his eyes shut!"

"And you'll stop with him all the time and keep him from coming after me?"

"He won't come after you," replied the smith's wife, with much meaning.

"I'll do it," said Peter. "It's a capital way."

"It is," declared Suzie's mother. But she again laughed inordinately, as she watched Peter cross to his home. "Suzie," she said, "you're a fool, girl, but I pity you. It's your father's doing. And what can we do? Henk——"

"Oh, mother, please don't talk of Henk! It *is* father's doing. I never want to hear his name again."

"I was only thinking that if Henk were to do something that got him into prison, it wouldn't be stealing a money-box." She repeated these words with many furtive glances and head-shakings at her daughter. She slipped out in the afternoon, and went, as she said, to see her sister; but when she came back she laughed so much that the smith was annoyed at her untimely gaiety. He felt very cross himself, weighed down by his silly oath of the night before. He had a great opinion of his wife's judgment and a poor one of his own, but he knew that even she could not release him from the bonds of "all that's sacred." A terrible power indeed.

"Don't be a silly featherhead!" he said; so she knew he was longing for her guidance.

When the still Sabbath even had fallen,

Elder Boll came round to the smith's door for a little friendly chat. The vrouw met him with her finger to her lips. "Hush, he's asleep," she said.

"He is," replied the elder; "in trespasses and sin. Stand aside, vrouw; 'tis my mission to wake him!" And he banged a loud bang with his stick on the parlor door.

The vrouw shrugged her shoulders, and grinned an expressive grin. "Oh, of course," she said, "if it's your *mission* to wake him!" And she flung wide the door.

"Giggle not, woman!" said the elder, sternly, as he took his seat beside the smith and began to expound the beauty of repentance in the manifestly fallen, the value of public humiliation after patent shame.

Meanwhile Peter, having assured himself, by repeated peeping, of the smith's sleepy presence at the parlor window, having even waited until he could distinctly hear a continuous snore, crept round to the unlocked gate at the back of the garden, found the ladder, as advised, in the out-house, and softly stole up through the grateful darkness to the open window on the second floor. His heart went pit-a-pat, but whether with fear or expectation he could hardly have told himself. His hands trembled as he seized the box in the cupboard, and felt its enormous weight. He knew that this trembling of the hands was a tribute of nature to gratitude awakened and to hope that soared beyond hope!

He hurried with his pleasing burden to the window, and rapidly felt along the sill. The ladder was gone.

"O Lord!" he said, and he was such a hypocrite that really one cannot be sure whether the words were not a prayer.

He looked hastily to right and left; there was no escape. But at that very moment he needs must fancy that he heard a sound on the stairs.

He looked down the wall, trying to measure its height in the darkness. It was not so very high, and the water-butt stood close beside it. The ladder must have fallen among the bushes. There was nothing for it but to slip down and get a footing on the water-butt.

He placed the box on the window-sill, and let himself down by both hands. Clinging tight, he took the handle of the

box between his heavy jaws, and felt, dangling with both legs, for the top of the water-butt.

Alas, at that moment, in the very gasp of success, a violent pain shot across his body and changed the gasp to a howl. He twisted under it, with a wrench, that caught his flapping coat-tail in an iron hook against the wall, and the money-box dropped clanging to the ground. For a terrible moment he hung there, shrieking with agony, as blow after blow descended, lustily dealt, half-way down his long, wriggling frame. Several people had come running out the house with a lamp. His screams, objurgations and curses rose on the calm air, alternately threatening and pitiable—in a minute it was all over, and Peter lay spluttering in the water-butt. They pulled him out quickly, and propped him up against the wall.

Then he saw all their faces at once, in a circle, Suzie's, and her mother's, and the smith's, Henk's—and his father's!

"Peter!" screamed the horrified elder.

That was almost the worst of all. The disheveled and dripping lover saw, as his rapid glances traveled round the company, amazement and amusement written on every brow. Only the stolid, handsome yeoman, whose hand held a goodly switch, fresh-cut from the bushes, wore an air of calm content.

"Peter!" cried the elder, wringing his hands. "Oh, what a fall was there!"

"There was indeed!" said the smith; "into the water-butt."

But Peter's eyes now rested on the money-box. It had struck against a rail and burst open. A great brick had fallen out, leaving it empty. "Why, there's naught but a lump of brick in it!" he said.

"What! A thief!" exclaimed Blufkin, finding speech.

"A thief!" repeated Henk. "And I thought he came after Suzie."

The vrouw began to laugh and laugh.

"Get away!" she cried, winking to Henk. "What do you mean, you young rogue, by prowling about this house, when nobody knows you're near?"

"Well," replied Henk, and hung his head before the smith's uncertain gaze, "you see, I—*am* after Suzie." He straight-

ened himself. "Yes, dang it all," he said, "and in spite of all, I'm after Suzie."

"Where's Suzie's money?" suddenly shouted the smith, and ran toward the prostrate figure with menace in face and gesture. Peter doubled up and shrieked.

"Keep cool, smith!" called his consort.

"Suzie's money is safe enough. It'll never be Peter Boll's!"

Peter Boll lifted his angry eyes to her face, and a look of intelligence stole across them. "I don't want the money," he said, "but I'll have my revenge of that howling brute."

"Who did you say was 'howling'?" asked Henk.

"Assault and battery," responded Peter.

"O Lord, yes, assault and battery!" chimed in Elder Boll. "Peter, my boy, never you mind. I know you meant no harm. Imprisoned for assault and battery!"

"Like father," said Suzie, amazed at her boldness.

"Shall I make it worth your while?" asked Henk, switching the air as he spoke. The smith interposed with outstretched hand.

"It's Peter must go to jail for stealing my bricks," he said, cheerfully. "Shake hands, Henk, and let bygones be bygones. I love you for licking the skulking cad."

"We'll have the law of him, never you fear!" cried the elder.

"You're sure you will?" interposed Vrouw Blufkin, suddenly pushing to the front.

"Sure!"

"Certain?"

"What does the woman mean? I never swore in my life, but I'll swear to Henk's going to prison for assault and battery."

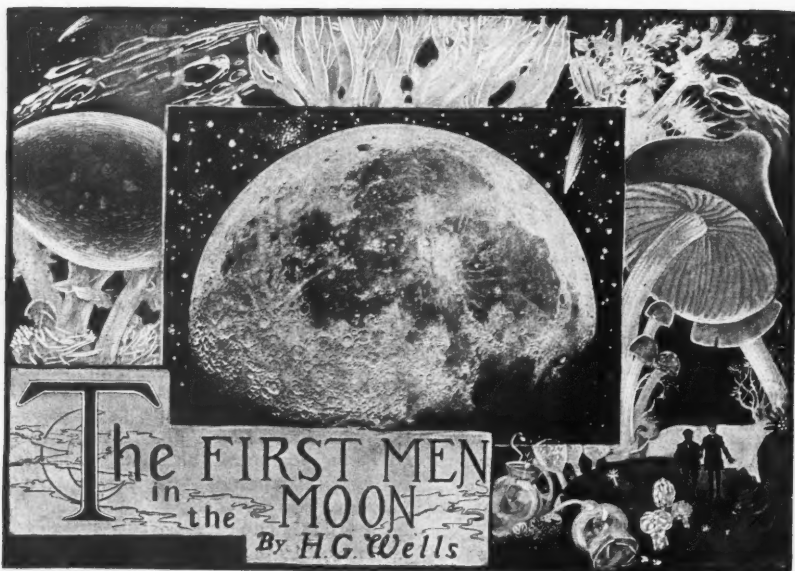
"Then in that case he'll be a jailbird like me——" began the smith, as a grin broke slowly across his awkward features.

"The pair of you, indeed, in a Christian parish."

"And your clerical son," concluded the smith.

"So Suzie can take her choice," suggested Suzie's mother, as the elder fell back, disconcerted.

"Tush, tush," said the smith; "we'll all go to church together before anybody goes to prison!"



V.

THE JOURNEY TO THE MOON.

PRESENTLY Cavor extinguished the light. He said we had not overmuch energy stored and that what we had we must economize for reading. For a time, whether it was long or short I do not know, there was nothing but blank darkness.

A question floated up out of the void. "How are we pointing?" I asked. "What is our direction?"

"We are flying away from the earth at a tangent, and as the moon is near her third quarter, we are going somewhere toward her. I will open a blind——"

Came a click and then a window in the outer case yawned open. The sky outside was as black as the darkness within the sphere, but the shape of the open window was marked by an infinite number of stars. Those who have only seen the starry sky from the earth cannot imagine its appearance when the vague, half-luminous veil of our air has been withdrawn. The stars we see on earth are the mere scattered survivors that penetrate our misty atmosphere. But now at last I could realize the mean-

ing of "the hosts of heaven!" Stranger things we were presently to see, but that airless, star-dusted sky! Of all things, I think that will be one of the last I shall forget.

The little window vanished with a click, another beside it snapped open and instantly closed, and then a third, and for a moment I had to close my eyes because of the blinding splendor of the waning moon.

For a space I had to stare at Cavor and the white-lit things about me to season my eyes to light again, before I could turn them toward that pallid glare.

Four windows were open in order that the gravitation of the moon might act upon all the substances in our sphere. I found I was no longer floating freely in space, but that my feet were resting on the glass in the direction of the moon. The blankets and cases of provisions were also creeping slowly down the glass, and presently came to rest so as to block out a portion of the view. It seemed to me, of course, that I looked "down" when I looked at the moon. On earth "down" means earthward, the way things fall, and "up" the reverse direction. Now the pull of gravitation was toward the moon,

and for all I knew to the contrary our earth was overhead. And of course, when all the Cavorite blinds were closed, "down" was toward the center of the sphere, and "up" toward its outer wall.

It was curiously unlike earthly experience, too, to have the light coming *up* to one. On earth light falls from above or comes slanting down sidewise, but here it came from beneath our feet, and to see our shadows we had to look up.

At first it gave me a sort of vertigo to stand only on this glass and look down upon the moon through hundreds of thousands of miles of vacant space. But this sickness passed very speedily. And then—the splendor of the sight!

The reader may imagine it best if he will lie on the ground some warm summer's night and look between his upraised feet at the moon; but for some reason, probably because the absence of air made it so much more luminous, the moon seemed already considerably larger than it does from the earth. The minutest details of its surface were *scarcely* clear. And since we did not see it through air, its outline was bright and sharp; there was no glow or halo about it and the star-dust that covered the sky came right to its very margin and marked the outline of its unilluminated part. And as I stood and stared at the moon between my feet, that perception of the impossible that had been with me off and on ever since our start, returned again with tenfold conviction.

"Cavor," I said, "this takes me queerly. Those companies we were going to run, and all that about minerals——"

"Well?"

"I don't see 'em here."

"No," said Cavor, "but you'll get over all that."

"I suppose I'm made to turn right side up again. Still, *this*—— For a moment I could half believe there never was a world."

"That copy of 'Lloyds' News' might help you."

I stared at the paper for a moment, then held it above the level of my face and found I could read it quite easily. I struck a column of mean little advertisements. "A gentleman of private means is willing to lend money," I read. I knew

that gentleman. Then somebody eccentric wanted to sell a Cutaway bicycle, "quite new and cost fifteen pounds," for five pounds; and a lady in distress wished to dispose of some fish knives and forks, "a wedding present," at a great sacrifice. No doubt some simple soul was sagely examining those knives and forks, and another triumphantly riding off on that bicycle, and a third trustfully consulting that benevolent gentleman of means, even as I read. I laughed and let the paper drift from my hand.

"Are we visible from the earth?" I asked.

"Why?"

"I knew some one—who was rather interested in astronomy. It occurred to me that it would be rather odd if—my friend—chanced to be looking through some telescope."

"It would need the most powerful telescope on earth even now to see us as the minutest speck."

For a time I stared in silence at the moon.

"It's a world," I said; "one feels that infinitely more than one ever did on earth. People perhaps——"

"People!" he exclaimed. "*No!* Banish all that! Think yourself a sort of ultra arctic voyager exploring the desolate places of space. Look at it!"

He waved his hand at the shining whiteness below. "It's dead—dead! Vast extinct volcanoes, lava wildernesses, tumbled wastes of snow or frozen carbonic acid or frozen air, and everywhere landslips, seams and cracks and gulfs. Nothing happens. Men have watched this planet systematically with telescopes for over two hundred years. How much change do you think they have seen?"

"None."

"They have traced two indisputable landslips, a doubtful crack and one slight periodic change of color. And that's all."

"I didn't know they'd traced even that."

"Oh, yes. But as for people——!"

"By the way," I asked, "how small a thing will the biggest telescope show upon the moon?"

"One could see a fair-sized church. One could certainly see any towns or buildings or anything like the handiwork of men."

But we certainly shall find no men. There might perhaps be insects, something in the way of ants for example, so that they could hide in deep burrows from the lunar night. Or some new sort of creatures having no earthly parallel. That is the most probable thing if we are to find life there at all. Think of the difference in conditions! Life must fit itself to a day as long as fourteen earthly days, a cloudless sun-blaze of fourteen days, and then a night of equal length, growing ever colder and colder under these cold, sharp stars. In that night there must be cold, the ultimate cold, absolute zero, two hundred and seventy-three degrees C., below the earthly freezing-point. Whatever life there is must hibernate through *that*. And rise again each day."

He mused. "One can imagine something worm-like," he said, "taking its air solid as an earthworm swallows earth, or thick-skinned monsters——"

"Why didn't we bring a gun?"

He did not answer that question. "No," he concluded, "we just have to go. We shall see when we get there."

I remembered something. "Of course, there're my minerals anyhow," I said, "whatever the conditions may be."

Presently he told me he wished to alter our course a little by letting the earth tug at us for a moment. He was going to open one earthward blind for thirty seconds. He warned me that it would make my head swim, and advised me to extend my hands against the glass to break my fall. I did as he directed, and thrust my feet against the bales of food cases and air cylinders to prevent their falling upon me. Then with a click the window flew open. I fell clumsily upon hands and face and saw for a moment between my black, extended fingers our mother earth—a planet in a downward sky.

We were still very near—Cavor told me the distance was, perhaps, eight hundred miles—and the huge terrestrial disk filled all heaven. But already it was plain to see that the world was a globe. The land below us was in twilight and vague,

but westward the vast gray stretches of the Atlantic shone like molten silver under the receding day. I think I recognized the cloud-dimmed coast-lines of France and Spain, and the south of England, and then with a click the shutter closed again and I found myself in a state of extraordinary confusion, sliding slowly over the smooth glass.

When at last things settled themselves in my mind again, it seemed quite beyond question that the moon was "down" and under my feet, and that the earth was somewhere away on the level of the horizon—the earth that had been "down" to me and my kindred since the beginning of things.

So slight were the exertions required of us, so easy did the practical annihilation of our weight make all we had to do, that the necessity for taking refreshments did not occur to us for nearly six hours (by Cavor's chronometer) after our start. I was amazed at that lapse of time. Even then I was satisfied with very little. Cavor examined the apparatus for absorbing carbonic acid and water, and pronounced it to be in satisfactory order, our consumption of oxygen having been extraordinarily slight; and our talk being exhausted for the time, and there being nothing further for us to do, we gave way to a curious drowsiness that had come upon us, and spreading our blankets on the bottom of the sphere in such a manner as to shut out most of the moonlight, wished each other good-night, and almost immediately fell asleep.

And so, sleeping, and sometimes talking and reading a little, at times eating, though without any keenness of appetite,* but for the most part in a sort of quiescence that was neither waking nor slumber, we fell through a space of time that had neither night nor day in it, silently, softly and swiftly down toward the moon.

VI.

THE LANDING ON THE MOON.

I remember how one day Cavor suddenly opened six of our shutters, and blinded me so that I cried aloud at him. The whole

* It is a curious thing that while we were in the sphere we felt not the slightest desire for food, nor the want of it when we abstained. At first we forced our appetite, but afterward we fasted completely. We did not consume one twentieth part of the compressed provision we had brought with us. The amount of carbonic acid we exhaled was also unnaturally low, but why this was so I am quite unable to explain.

Drawn by E. Herwig.

"THE WHOLE AREA WAS MOON, A STUPENDOUS SMITAK OF WHITE DAWN."



area was moon, a stupendous simitar of white dawn, with its edge hacked out by notches of darkness, the crescent shore of an ebbing tide of darkness, out of which peaks and pinnacles came climbing into the blaze of the sun. I take it the reader has seen pictures or photographs of the moon, so that I need not describe the broader features of that landscape, those spacious ringlike ranges, vaster than any terrestrial mountains, their summits shining in the day, their shadows harsh and deep, the gray, disordered plains, the ridges, hills and craterlets, all passing at last from a blazing illumination into a common mystery of black. Athwart this world we were flying, scarcely a hundred miles above its crests and pinnacles. And now we could see, what no eye on earth will ever see, that under the blaze of the day the harsh outlines of the rocks and ravines of the plains and crater floor grew gray and indistinct under a thickening haze; that the white of their lit surfaces broke into lumps and patches, and broke again and shrank and vanished, and that here and there strange tints of brown and olive grew and spread.

But little time we had for watching them, for now we had come to the real danger of our journey. We had to drop ever closer to the moon as we spun about it, to slacken our pace, and watch our chance until at last we could dare to drop upon its surface.

For Cavor that was a time of intense exertion; for me it was an anxious inactivity. I seemed perpetually to be getting out of his way. He leaped about the sphere from point to point with an agility that would have been impossible on earth. He was perpetually opening and closing the Cavorite windows, making calculations, consulting his chronometer by means of the glow-lamp during those last eventful hours. For a long time we had all our windows closed and hung silently in darkness, hurling through space.

Then he was feeling for the shutter-studs, and suddenly four windows were open. I staggered and covered my eyes, drenched and scorched and blinded by the unaccustomed splendor of the sun beneath my feet. Then again the shutters snapped, leaving my brain spinning in a darkness

that pressed against the eyes. And after that I floated in another vast black silence. Then Cavor switched on the electric light, and told me he proposed to bind all our luggage together, with the blankets about it, against the concussion of our descent. We did this with our windows closed, because in that way our goods arranged themselves naturally at the center of the sphere. That, too, was a strange business—we two men floating loose in that spherical space, and packing and pulling ropes. Imagine it if you can! No up nor down, and every effort resulting in unexpected movements. Now I would be pressed against the glass with the full force of Cavor's thrust, now I would be kicking helplessly in a void. Now the star of the electric light would be overhead, now underfoot. Now Cavor's feet would float up before my eyes, and now we would be crosswise to each other. But at last our goods were safely bound together in a big, soft bale, all except two blankets with head holes, that we were to wrap about ourselves.

Then for a flash Cavor opened a window moonward, and we saw that we were dropping toward a huge central crater with a number of minor craters grouped in a sort of cross about it. And then, again, Cavor flung our little sphere open to the scorching, blinding sun. I think he was using the sun's attraction as a brake. "Cover yourself with a blanket," he cried, thrusting himself from me, and for a moment I did not understand.

Then I hauled the blanket from beneath my feet and got it about me and over my head and eyes. Abruptly he closed the shutters again, snapped one open again and closed it, then suddenly began snapping them all open, each safely into its steel roller. There came a jar and then we were rolling over and over, bumping against the glass and against the big bale of our luggage and clutching at each other, and outside some white substance splashed as if we were rolling down a slope of snow.

Over, clutch, bump, clutch, bump, clutch, over——

Came a thud, and I was half buried under the bale of our possessions, and for a space everything was still. Then I could hear Cavor puffing and grunting, and the

snapping of a shutter in its sash. I made an effort, thrust back our blanket-wrapped luggage, and emerged from beneath it. Our open windows were just visible as a deeper black set with stars.

We were still alive, and we were lying in the darkness of the shadow of the wall of the great crater into which we had fallen.

We sat, getting our breath again, and feeling the bruises on our limbs. I don't think either of us had had a very clear expectation of such rough handling as we had received. I struggled painfully to my feet. "And now," said I, "to look at the landscape of the moon! But——! It's tremendously dark, Cavor!"

The glass was dewy, and as I spoke I wiped at it with my blanket. "We're half an hour or so beyond the day," he said. "We must wait."

It was impossible to distinguish anything. We might have been in a sphere of steel for all that we could see. My rubbing with the blanket simply smeared the glass, and as fast as I wiped it, it became opaque again with freshly condensed moisture mixed with an increasing quantity of blanket hairs. Of course, I ought not to have used the blanket. In my efforts to clear the glass I slipped upon the damp surface and hurt my shin against one of the oxygen cylinders that protruded from our bale.

The thing was exasperating—it was absurd. Here we were, just arrived upon the moon, amidst we knew not what wonders, and all we could see was the gray and streaming wall of the bubble in which we had come.

"Confound it!" I said; "but at this rate we might have stopped at home!" I squatted on the bale and shivered and drew my blanket closer about me.

Abruptly the moisture turned to spangles and fronds of frost. "Can you reach the electric heater?" said Cavor. "Yes—that black knob. Or we shall freeze."

I did not wait to be told twice. "And now," said I, "what are we to do?"

"Wait," he said.

"Wait?"

"Of course. We shall have to wait until our air gets warm again and then this glass will clear. We can't do anything

till then. It's night here yet—we must wait for the day to overtake us. Meanwhile, don't you feel hungry?"

For a space I did not answer him, but sat fretting. I turned reluctantly from the smeared puzzle of the glass and stared at his face. "Yes," I said, "I am hungry. I feel somehow enormously disappointed. I had expected—— I don't know what I had expected, but not this."

I summoned my philosophy, and rearranging my blanket about me, sat down on the bale again and began my first meal on the moon. I don't think I finished it.

I forget. Presently, first in patches, then running rapidly together into wider spaces, came the clearing of the glass, came the drawing of the misty veil that hid the moon-world from our eyes.

We peered out upon the landscape of the moon.

VII.

SUNRISE, ON THE MOON.

As we saw it first, it was the wildest and most desolate of scenes. We were in an enormous amphitheater, a vast circular plain, the floor of the giant crater. Its cliff-like walls closed us in on every side. From the westward the light of the unseen sun fell upon them, reaching to the very foot of the cliff, and showed a disordered escarpment of drab and grayish rock, lined here and there with banks and crevices of snow. This was perhaps a dozen miles away, but at first no intervening atmosphere diminished in the slightest the minutely detailed brilliancy with which these things glared at us. They stood out clear and dazzling against a background of starry blackness that seemed to our earthly eyes rather a gloriously spangled velvet curtain than the spaciousness of the sky.

The eastward cliff was at first merely a starless selva to the starry dome. No rosy flush, no creeping pallor, announced the commencing day. Only the corona, the zodiacal light, a huge, cone-shaped, luminous haze, pointing up toward the splendor of the morning star, warned us of the imminent nearness of the sun.

Whatever light was about us was reflected by the westward cliffs. It showed a huge undulating plain, cold, and colored a gray, a gray that deepened eastward into

the absolute raven darkness of the cliff shadow. Innumerable rounded gray summits, ghostly hummocks, billows of snowy substance, stretching crest beyond crest into the remote obscurity, gave us our first inkling of the distance of the crater wall. These hummocks looked like snow. At the time I thought they were snow. But they were not—they were mounds and masses of frozen air!

So it was at first—and then, sudden, swift and amazing, came the lunar day.

The sunlight had crept down the cliff, it touched the drifted masses at its base, and incontinently came striding with seven-leagued boots toward us. The distant cliff seemed to shift and quiver, and at the touch of the dawn a reek of gray vapor poured upward from the crater floor, whirls and puffs and drifting wraiths of gray, thicker and broader and denser, until at last the whole westward plain was steaming like a wet handkerchief held before the fire, and the westward cliffs were no more than a refracted glare beyond.

"It is air," said Cavor. "It must be air—or it would not rise like this—at the mere touch of a sunbeam. And at this pace——"

He peered upward. "Look!" he said. "What?" I asked.

"In the sky. Already. 'On the blackness—a little touch of blue. See! The stars seem larger. And the little ones and all those dim nebulosities we saw in empty space—they are hidden!'"

Swiftly, steadily, the day approached us. Gray summit after gray summit was overtaken by the blaze and turned to a smoking, white intensity. At last there was nothing to the west of us but a bank of surging fog, the tumultuous advance and ascent of cloudy haze. The distant cliff had receded farther and farther, had loomed and changed through the whirl, had foundered and vanished at last in its confusion.

Nearer came that steaming advance, nearer and nearer, coming as fast as the shadow of a cloud before the southwest wind. About us rose a thin and anticipatory haze.

Cavor gripped my arm.

"What?" I said.

"Look! The sunrise! the sun!"

He turned me about and pointed to the brow of the eastward cliff, looming above the haze about us, scarce lighter than the darkness of the sky. But now its line was marked by strange reddish shapes, tongues of vermillion flame that writhed and danced. I fancied it must be spirals of vapor that had caught the light and made this crest of fiery tongues against the sky, but indeed it was the solar prominences I saw, a crown of fire about the sun that is forever hidden from earthly eyes by our atmospheric veil. And then—the sun!

Steadily, inevitably, came a brilliant line, came a thin edge of intolerable effulgence that took a circular shape, became a bow, became a blazing scepter, and hurled a shaft of heat at us as though it was a spear. It seemed verily to stab my eyes! I cried aloud and turned about, blinded, groping for my blanket beneath the bale.

And with that incandescence came a sound, the first sound that had reached us from without since we left the earth, a hissing and rustling, the stormy trailing of the aerial garment of the advancing day. And with the coming of the sound and the light, the sphere lurched, and blinded and dazzled; we staggered helplessly against each other. It lurched again, and the hissing grew louder. I had shut my eyes perforce; I was making clumsy efforts to cover my head with my blanket, and this second lurch sent me helplessly off my feet. I fell against the bale, and opening my eyes, had a momentary glimpse of the air just outside our glass. It was running—it was boiling—like snow into which a white-hot rod is thrust. What had been solid air had suddenly, at the touch of the sun, become a paste, a mud, a slushy liquefaction, that hissed and bubbled into gas.

There came a still more violent whirl of the sphere, and we had clutched one another. In another moment we were spun about again. Round we went and over, and then I was on all fours. The lunar dawn had hold of us. It meant to show us little men what the moon could do with us.

I caught a second glimpse of things without, puffs of vapor, half liquid slush, excavated, sliding, falling, sliding. We dropped into darkness. I went down with Cavor's knees in my chest. Then he

Drawn by E. Herzig.

"AT THE TOUCH OF THE DAWN A REEK OF GRAY VAPOR POURED UPWARD FROM THE CRATER FLOOR."



seemed to fly away from me and for a moment I lay with all the breath out of my body, staring upward. A huge landslip, as it were, of the melting stuff had splashed over us, buried us, and now it thinned and boiled off us. I saw the bubbles dancing on the glass above. I heard Cavor exclaiming feebly.

Then some huge landslip in the thawing air had caught us, and spluttering expostulation, we began to roll down a slope, rolling faster and faster, leaping crevasses and rebounding from blankets, faster and faster, westward into the white-hot boiling tumult of the lunar day.

Clutching at one another, we spun about, pitched this way and that, our bale of packages leaping at us, pounding at us. We collided, we gripped, we were torn asunder—our heads met and the whole universe burst into fiery darts and stars! On the earth we should have smashed one another a dozen times, but on the moon, luckily for us, our weight was only one-sixth of what it is terrestrially and we fell very mercifully. I recall a sensation of utter sickness, a feeling as if my brain were upside down within my skull, and then——

Something was at work upon my face, some thin feelers worried my ears. Then I discovered the brilliance of the landscape around was mitigated by blue spectacles. Cavor bent over me and I saw his face upside down, his eyes also protected by tinted goggles. His breath came irregularly and his lip was bleeding from a bruise. "Better?" he said, wiping the blood with the back of his hand.

Everything seemed swaying for a space, but that was simply my giddiness. I perceived that he had closed some of the shutters in the outer sphere to save me from the direct blaze of the sun. I was aware that everything about us was very brilliant.

"Lord!" I gasped. "But this——!"

I craned my neck to see. I perceived there was a blinding glare outside, an utter change from the gloomy darkness of our first impressions. "Have I been insensible long?" I asked.

"I don't know—the chronometer is broken. Some little time. My dear chap! I have been afraid——"

I lay for a space taking this in. I saw his face still bore evidence of emotion. For a while I said nothing. I passed an inquisitive hand over my contusions, and surveyed his face for similar damages. The back of my right hand had suffered most and was skinless and raw. My forehead was bruised and had bled. He handed me a little measure with some of the restorative—I forget the name of it—he had brought with us. After a time I felt a little better. I began to stretch my limbs carefully. Soon I could talk.

"It wouldn't have done," I said, as though there had been no interval.

"No! it *wouldn't*."

He thought, his hands hanging over his knees. He peered through the glass and then stared at me. "Good Lord!" he said, "*no!*"

"What has happened?" I asked, after a pause. "Have we jumped to the tropics?"

"It was as I expected. This air has evaporated. If it is air. At any rate, it has evaporated and the surface of the moon is showing. We are lying on a bank of earthly rock. Here and there bare soil is exposed. A queer sort of soil!"

It occurred to him that it was unnecessary to explain. He assisted me into a sitting position and I could see with my own eyes.

VIII.

A LUNAR MORNING.

The harsh emphasis, the pitiless black and white, of the scenery had altogether disappeared. The glare of the sun had taken upon itself a faint tinge of amber; the shadows upon the cliff of the crater wall were deeply purple. To the eastward a dark bank of fog still crouched and sheltered us from the sunrise, but to the westward the sky was blue and clear. I began to realize the length of my insensibility.

We were no longer in a void. An atmosphere had arisen about us. The outline of things had gained in character, had grown acute and varied; save for a shadowed space of white substance here and there, white substance that was no longer air, but snow, the arctic appearance had gone altogether. Everywhere broad, rusty-brown spaces of bare and tumbled earth

spread to the blaze of the sun. Here and there at the edge of the snow-drift were transient little pools and eddies of water, the only things stirring in that expanse of barrenness. The sunlight inundated the upper two-thirds of our sphere and turned our climate to high summer, but our feet were still in shadow and the sphere was lying upon a drift of snow.

And scattered here and there upon the slope, and emphasized by little white threads of unthawed snow upon their shady sides, were shapes like sticks, dry, twisted sticks of the same rusty hue as the rock upon which they lay. That caught one's thoughts sharply. Sticks! On a lifeless world? Then as my eye grew more accustomed to the texture of their substance, I perceived that almost all this surface had a fibrous texture, like the carpet of brown needles one finds beneath the shade of pine-trees.

"Cavor!" I said.

"Yes."

"It may be a dead world now—but once——"

Something arrested my attention. I had discovered among these needles a number of little round objects. And it seemed to me that one of these had moved.

"Cavor," I whispered.

"What?"

But I did not answer at once. I stared, incredulous. For an instant I could not believe my eyes. I gave an inarticulate cry. I gripped his arm. I pointed. "Look!" I cried, finding my tongue. "There! Yes! And there!"

His eyes followed my pointing finger.

"Eh?" he said.

How can I describe the thing I saw? It is so petty a thing to state, and yet it seemed so wonderful, so pregnant with emotion. I have said that amidst the stick-like litter were these rounded bodies, these little oval bodies that might have passed as very small pebbles. And now first one and then another had stirred, had rolled over and cracked, and down the crack of each of them showed a minute line of yellowish-green, thrusting outward to meet the hot encouragement of the newly risen sun. For a moment that was all, and then there stirred and burst a third!

"It is a seed," said Cavor. And then

I heard him whisper very softly, "*Life! Life!*" And immediately it poured upon us that our vast journey had not been made in vain, that we had come to no arid waste of minerals, but to a world that lived and moved! We watched intensely. I remember I kept rubbing the glass before me with my sleeve, jealous of the faintest suspicion of mist.

The picture was clear and vivid only in the middle of the field. All about that center the dead fibers and seeds were magnified and distorted by the curvature of the glass. But we could see enough! One after another, all down the sunlit slope, these miraculous little brown bodies burst and gaped apart, like seed-pods, like the husks of fruits; opened eager mouths that drank in the heat and light pouring in a cascade from the newly risen sun.

Every moment more of these seed-coats ruptured, and even as they did so the swelling pioneers overflowed their rent-distended seed-case and passed into the second stage of growth. With a steady assurance, a swift deliberation, these amazing seeds thrust a rootlet downward to the earth and a queer little bundle-like bud into the air. In a little while the whole slope was dotted with minute plantlets standing at attention in the blaze of the sun.

They did not stand for long. The bundle-like buds swelled and strained and opened with a jerk, thrusting out a coronet of little sharp tips, spreading a whorl of tiny, spiky, brownish leaves, that lengthened rapidly, lengthened visibly, even as we watched. The movement was slower than any animal's, swifter than any plant's I have ever seen before. How can I suggest it to you—the way that growth went on? The leaf-tips grew so that they moved onward even while we looked at them. The brown seed-case shriveled and was absorbed with an equal rapidity. Have you ever on a cold day taken a thermometer into your warm hand and watched the little thread of mercury creep up the tube? These moon plants grew like that.

In a few minutes, as it seemed, the buds of the more forward of these plants had lengthened into a stem, and were even putting forth a second whorl of leaves, and all the slope that had seemed so re-

cently a lifeless stretch of litter was now dark with the stunted olive-green herbage of bristling spikes that swayed with the vigor of their growing.

I turned about, and behold! along the upper edge of a rock to the eastward, a similar fringe in a scarcely less forward condition swayed and bent, dark against the blinding glare of the sun. And beyond this fringe was the silhouette of a plant mass, branching clumsily like a cactus and swelling visibly, swelling like a bladder that fills with air.

Then to the westward, also, I discovered that another such distended form was rising over the scrub. But here the light fell upon its sleek sides and I could see that its color was a vivid orange hue. It rose as one watched it; if one looked away from it for a minute, and then back, its outline had changed. It thrust out blunt, congested branches until in a little time it rose, a coralline shape of many feet in height. Compared with such a growth, the terrestrial puffball, which will sometimes swell to a foot diameter in a single night, would be a hopeless laggard. And beyond, out of gullies and flats that had been hidden from us but not from the quickening sun, over reefs and banks of shining rock, a bristling beard of spiky and fleshy vegetation was straining into view, hurrying tumultuously to take advantage of the brief day in which it must flower and fruit and seed again and die. It was like a miracle, that growth. So, one must imagine, the trees and plants arose at the Creation and covered the desolation of the new-made earth.

Imagine it! Imagine that dawn! The resurrection of the frozen air, the stirring and quickening of the soil, and then this silent uprising of vegetation, this unearthly ascent of fleshliness and spikes. Conceive it all lit by a blaze that would make the intensest sunlight of earth seem watery and weak. And still amidst this stirring jungle, wherever there was shadow, lingered banks of bluish snow. And to have the picture of our impression complete, you must bear in mind that we saw it all through a thick, bent glass, distorting it as things are distorted by a lens, acute only in the center of the picture and very bright there, and toward the edge magnified and unreal.

IX.

PROSPECTING BEGINS.

We ceased to gaze. We turned to each other, the same thought, the same question, in our eyes. For these plants to grow, there must be some air, however attenuated, air that we also should be able to breathe.

"The manhole?" I said.

"Yes!" said Cavor, "if it is air we see!"

"In a little while," I said, "those plants will be as high as we are."

"Suppose," I added, "suppose, after all—— Is it certain? How do you know that stuff is air? It may be nitrogen—it may be carbonic acid even!"

"That is easy," he said, and set about proving it. He produced a big piece of crumpled paper from the bale, lit it and thrust it hastily through the manhole valve. I bent forward and peered down through the thick glass for its appearance outside, that little flame on whose evidence depended so much!

I saw the paper drop out and lie lightly upon the snow. The pink flame of its burning vanished. For an instant it seemed to be extinguished, and then I saw a little blue tongue upon the edge of it that trembled and crept and spread!

Quietly the whole sheet, save where it lay in immediate contact with the snow, charred and shriveled and sent up a quivering thread of smoke. There was no doubt left to me: the atmosphere of the moon was either pure oxygen or air, and capable therefore—unless its tenuity was excessive—of supporting our alien life. We might emerge—and live!

I sat down with my legs on either side of the manhole and prepared to unscrew it, but Cavor stopped me. "There is first a little precaution," he said. He pointed out that although it was certainly an oxygenated atmosphere outside, it might still be so rarefied as to cause us grave injury. He reminded me of mountain sickness and of the bleeding that often afflicts astronauts who have ascended too swiftly, and he spent some time in the preparation of a sickly-tasting drink which he insisted on my sharing. It made me feel a little numb, but otherwise had no effect on me.

Then he permitted me to begin unscrewing. Presently the glass stopper of the manhole was so far undone that the denser air within our sphere began to escape along the thread of the screw, singing as a kettle sings before it boils. Thereupon he made me desist. It speedily became evident that the pressure outside was very much less than it was within. How much less it was, we had no means of telling.

I sat grasping the stopper with both hands, ready to close it again if, in spite of our intense hope, the lunar atmosphere should after all prove too rarefied for us, and Cavor sat with a cylinder of compressed oxygen at hand to restore our pressure. We looked at one another in silence, and then at the fantastic vegetation that swayed and grew, visibly and noiselessly, without. And ever that shrill piping continued.

My blood-vessels began to throb in my ears, and the sound of Cavor's movements diminished. I noted how still everything had become, because of the thinning of the air.

As our air sizzled out from the screw, the moisture of it condensed in little puffs.

Presently I experienced a peculiar shortness of breath—that lasted indeed during the whole of the time of our exposure to the moon's exterior atmosphere—and a rather unpleasant sensation about the ears and finger-nails and the back of the throat grew upon my attention, and presently passed off again.

But then came vertigo and nausea that abruptly changed the quality of my courage. I gave the lid of the manhole half a turn and made a hasty explanation to Cavor, but now he was the more sanguine. He answered me in a voice that seemed extraordinarily small and remote because of the thinness of the air that carried the sound. He recommended a nip of brandy and set me the example, and presently I felt better. I turned the manhole stopper back again. The throbbing in my ears grew louder, and then I remarked that the piping note of the outrush had ceased. For a time I could not be sure that it had ceased.

"Well?" said Cavor, in the ghost of a voice.

"Well?" said I.

"Shall we go on?"

I thought. "Is this all?"

"If you can stand it."

By way of answer I went on unscrewing.

I lifted the circular operculum from its place and laid it carefully on the bale. A flake or so of snow whirled and vanished as that thin and unfamiliar air took possession of our sphere. I knelt and then seated myself at the edge of the manhole, peering over. Beneath, within a yard of my face, lay the untrodden snow of the moon.

There was a little pause. Our eyes met. "It doesn't distress your lungs too much?" said Cavor.

"No," I said. "I can stand this." He stretched out his hand for his blanket, thrust his head through its central hole and wrapped it about him. He sat down on the edge of the manhole, he let his feet drop until they were within six inches of the lunar snow. He hesitated for a moment, then thrust himself forward, dropped these intervening inches, and stood upon the untrodden soil of the moon.

As he stepped forward, he was refracted grotesquely by the edge of the glass. He stood for a moment looking this way and that. Then he made a leap.

The glass distorted everything, but it seemed to me even then to be an extremely big leap. He had at one bound become remote. He seemed twenty or thirty feet off. He was standing high upon a rocky mass and gesticulating back to me. Perhaps he was shouting—but the sound did not reach me. But how the deuce had he done this? I felt like a man who had just seen a new conjuring trick.

Still in a puzzled state of mind, I too dropped through the manhole. I stood up. Just in front of me the snow-drift had fallen away and made a sort of ditch. I made a step and jumped.

I found myself flying through the air, saw the rock on which he stood coming to meet me, clutched it, and clung to it.

I gasped a painful laugh. I was tremendously confused. Cavor bent down and shouted for me to be careful.

I had forgotten that on the smaller moon, with only an eighth part of the earth's mass and a quarter of its diameter, my weight was barely a sixth what it was on earth. But now that fact insisted on being remembered.

"We are out of Mother Earth's leading-strings now," he said.

With a guarded effort, I raised myself to the top, and, moving as cautiously as a rheumatic patient, stood up beside him under the blaze of the sun. The sphere lay behind us on its dwindling snow-drift thirty feet away.

As far as the eye could see over the enormous disorder of rocks that formed the crater floor, the same bristling scrub that surrounded us was starting into life, diversified here and there by bulging masses of a cactus form, and scarlet and purple lichens that grew so fast they seemed to crawl over the rocks. The whole area of the crater seemed to me then to be one similar wilderness up to the very foot of the surrounding cliff.

This cliff was apparently bare of vegetation save at its base, and with buttresses and terraces and platforms that did not very greatly attract our attention at the time. It was many miles away from us in every direction; we seemed to be almost at the center of the crater, and we saw it before a certain haziness that drove before the wind. For there was even a wind now in the thin air, a swift yet weak wind that chilled exceedingly but exerted little pressure. It was blowing round the crater, as it seemed, from the hot, illuminated side, to the foggy darkness under the sunward wall. It was difficult to look into this eastward fog; we had to peer with half-closed eyes beneath the shade of our hands, because of the fierce intensity of the motionless sun. "It seems to be deserted," said Cavor, "absolutely desolate."

I looked about me again. I retained even then a clinging hope of some quasi-human evidence, some pinnacle of building, some house or engine, but everywhere one looked spread the tumbled rocks in peaks and crests and the darting scrub and those bulging cacti that swelled and swelled.

"It looks as though these plants had it to themselves," I said. "I see no trace of any other creature."

"If there was—what would they do in the night? No. There's just these plants alone."

I shaded my eyes with my hand. "It's

like the landscape of a dream. Look at that yonder! One might imagine it a lizard changed into a plant. And the glare!"

"This is only the fresh morning," said Cavor.

"This is no world for men," he said.

"And yet in a way—it appeals."

He became silent for a time, then commenced his meditative humming.

I started at a gentle touch and found a thin sheet of livid lichen lapping over my shoe. I kicked at it, and it fell to powder and each speck began to grow.

I heard Cavor exclaim sharply, and perceived that one of the fixed bayonets of the scrub had pricked him.

He hesitated; his eyes sought among the rocks about us. A sudden blaze of pink had crept up a ragged pillar of crag. It was a most extraordinary pink, a livid magenta.

"Look!" said I, turning—and behold, Cavor had vanished!

For an instant I stood transfixed. Then I made a hasty step to look over the verge of the rock. But in my surprise at his disappearance, I forgot once more that we were on the moon. The thrust of my foot that I made in striding would have carried me a yard on earth; on the moon it carried me six—a good five yards over the edge. For the moment the thing had something of the effect of those nightmares when one falls and falls. For while one falls sixteen feet in the first second of a fall on earth, on the moon one falls two, and with only a sixth of one's weight. I fell, or rather I jumped down, about ten yards, I suppose. It seemed to take quite a long time, five or six seconds I should think. I floated through the air and fell like a feather, knee-deep in a snow-drift in the bottom of a gully of blue-gray, white-veined rock.

I looked about me. "Cavor!" I cried, but no Cavor was visible.

"Cavor!" I cried, louder, and the rocks echoed me.

I turned fiercely to the rocks and clambered to the summit of them. "Cavor!" I cried. My voice sounded like the voice of a lost lamb.

The sphere, too, was not in sight, and for a moment a horrible feeling of desolation pinched my heart.

(To be continued.)

FRA BENEDETTO'S MEDAL.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

THE picture progresses, signore; the picture progresses. What delicacy! what insight! what sense of architectural line and harmony! It does not disturb your Worshipful Serenity that an old monk hobbles round to look at it now and again, and to estimate your labors? No? *sta bene*, then; we have but little to distract us here on our specular hilltop—we, the handful who linger on out of due season, mumbling our aves and swinging our censers, mere pensioners on the charity of King Umberto's government. Strangers? oh, yes, we see strangers and to spare—but strangers, such strangers—them of the red book, forestieri, tourists, respected clients of the esteemed house of Cook, whom we personally conduct round the church, the tower, the monastery, the cloisters—so much of them, that is to say, as has not been turned into profane barracks. Am I sick of piloting them round and pointing out to them in the same words our Perugino, our Buonfigli, the carving of choir-stalls—am I sick of it, ask you? "Observe how beautiful the effect of light on the saint's left shoulder." I lead them round like a flock of sheep every day; and they, well, they stand and stare in the same open-mouthed vacancy, and gaze a bit with heads critically on one side, and pass on with "How interesting! By Perugino! Really?" But the signore's Excellency is an artist; he understands these things. When we see a man who understands, then indeed we know that it is quite different.

A trifle more blue in the shadow there? What think you, Serenity? And the dust on the crockets of that tomb in the recess, where the ray of light from the belfry window slants down, oblique, and gilds it into gold-dust—scarce luminous enough, is it? A bit of a critic? No, no, Most Worshipful, a poor, shambling old monk, rheumatic, toothless, who knows only his beads and his "Path to Paradise": yet—who should be critics if not we at San Pietro? Why, our church, is it not called the Jewel of Perugia? Look at our campanile, that tall and slender spire, a flame blown upward, known in all the country

round as the Plume of Umbria! Can we live every day with these aspiring things and not love beauty? Can we look out on our broad view and not note the play of sun and shadow? And when we see you painting these arches and these tombs that we know so well, that we have watched from our stalls in every flickering light, and followed in every line as the blue cloud of incense steals over them, shall we not tell you when we think you have espied the very soul of Mino's garlands of flowers, or missed the meaning of Fra Damiano's many-glancing intarsio work? Aye, by Sant' Ercolano we will; and to swear by Sant' Ercolano, who holds our town in the hollow of his hand, is still in these unbelieving modern days the greatest and most binding of all oaths for a Perugian.

You notice my medal, signore. Yes, many people notice it. It is strange, indeed, to see a Benedictine brother wear a token that is not a religious emblem. But this, mark well, is of the good King Victor Emmanuel—the medal for the helpers in the liberation of Italy. It surprises you that a monk of San Pietro should bear that decoration. Well, it surprises ourselves; some it scandalizes, but still, in spite of the weaker brethren, I bear it. I keep it (heaven forgive me) for pride, pure carnal, earthly pride—pride of the part I bore in freeing Perugia. But no less in saving three gallant gentlemen's lives, which is a work of charity. Ah! those were the brave days, those. If you can bear with a chattering old brother's garrulity, I will tell you the story. Nay, nay, don't pause. You can go on with your painting, and listen or not as you choose; I will drag a reed chair over here into the cool of the aisle and sit down and maunder on, after an old man's fashion.

Serenity stops, I think, at the Albergo Brufani. A luxurious house, the Albergo Brufani; but at the time I speak of there stood no great hotel there, no brand-new Prefettura, but a huge frowning fortress; Pope Paul the Third's fortress, strong, in-

vincible; built, as the inscription on its front declared, to crush the proud souls of the free Perugians—"Ad coercendam Perusinorum audaciam." It was a colossal fortress, that. As black as night, it stretched from the top of the hill, where Brufani's now stands, right down the long slope, and over the whole Piazza d'Armi, where you see to-day the soldiers and the white oxen. We pulled it down in 1860, these hands themselves helping; if we did wrong, I pray God and our Blessed Lady and all holy saints for forgiveness of my trespass. But we did *not* do wrong, signore, if a poor monk may set up his particular judgment in earthly matters—which differ from questions of faith and morals—against the Holy Father's. These be nice points of casuistry for a doctor to decide, and I am no St. Thomas; but we, who were Benedictine brothers in Perugia in those days, had need to decide them for ourselves; wherefore we acted for the best and made our minds up boldly. Still, you shall hear how the Holy Father himself, against whom we acted, gave judgment on our side. He allowed we had done right. That was the blessed Pio Nono, of course, of ever-revered memory, whom no good Catholic can mention without love and respect—not even we who were driven by his hirelings to rebel against him. For we distinguish between the temporal and the spiritual acts of the Sovereign Pontiff—else what could we say, we moderns of the Borgians and the Farnese?

Ebbene, 'twas in 1859 that Perugia grew sick of the Papal government. Grew sick, do I say? it had grown sick long before; but 'twas then that it determined to rise and throw it off in one burst of enthusiasm. All Italy was in a ferment. You remember those great days—Garibaldi, Mazzini, Cavour, il Re Liberatore! The French had swarmed over to help our Sardinians against the Austrians in Lombardy, and had won the battles of Magenta and Solferino. Wild news came daily. Bologna had driven out the Cardinal Legate: Parma, Modena, Reggio, the whole Emilia, was rising. Could Perugia hold back when the entire fatherland was struggling to be free? It surged and heaved like a sea before the storm. Then our people rose in force, and proclaimed

their independence. But it was too soon, too soon. Our friends in the north were powerless to help us: Napoleon held back—he feared to touch the States of the Church; and the Holy Father sent his vile Swiss troops to reduce us to subjection. They came, under their Colonel Schmid—Schmid, Schmid, with such execrable Teutonic vocables did the Holy Father surround himself—and they fell upon our defenseless city, so many ravenous wolves, slaying, wounding and plundering. We fought like demons; but the Swiss fought like trained soldiers. So they beat us. As they went through the streets of the city, marching, marching, with fixed bayonets, they cried aloud that their master the Pope had given them orders that none should be spared. We knew that was not true—we, who understood the Holy Father's benevolent disposition; but it helped us little. What does it console one for being run through that those who run you through are exceeding their instructions?

Now we Benedictines of Perugia sided, of course, with the Perugian people. Why do I say "of course," signore? Well, because we were men, because we were Umbrians, because we were Italians. Do you think, in that we were priests, we had ceased to feel with our fellow-citizens, to regret the great days of Perugia's freedom? Ma che, ma che, signore, that is not how we of the proud mountain-tops are built. We were born to be freemen. A Pope conquered us once, by force of arms, as an Emperor might have conquered us: Pope or Emperor, we will rebel when we see a chance of reasserting our country's liberty. Priest and layman we will rebel; 'tis the instinct of the proud hearts of the Perugians. Pope Paul was wrong; he never broke our audacity; he kept it in check; that was all; our day arrived, we rose, and let it flare out again.

Oh, a day of terror, when Schmid and his Swiss reentered Perugia! We had risen too soon; we knew it, and we paid for it. But we fought hard at the gates, we monks with the others, for we were Garibaldians to a man; if his Holiness did not like it, he had nothing but his own officials to blame for it, his officials whom he sent us. Thieves, persecutors, eaves-

droppers! Tonsure or no tonsure, I found myself at the Porta San Pietro with the rest of them. Eh, it was bloody work, I can tell you—no rose-water revolution: Schmid's men charging us with their accursed bayonets, we standing up against them with our improvised arms, what weapons we could make, so many lambs for the slaughter. Presently I looked round and saw that the Pope's troops had cut us off; only four of us left, four, outside the gate, the soldiers pressing forward and occupying the monastery. One of the other three turned to me. He was grimed with fighting, but I saw through the blood and dust it was Signor Antonio Bellucci, a young man of good family, a brave gentleman whom I often saw at San Pietro. White as a ghost he showed beneath his grime. "Well, Fra Benedetto," he cried to me, "we may as well ask your absolution now; all is over but progress; in ten minutes more these Swiss will arrest us and shoot us."

They had closed the gates and it looked like it. All the road behind was closely guarded. But I could not see them massacred—three honest patriots. "There is one chance," I answered. "I can let you into the monastery."

"How?" They trembled with anxiety. I knew why. They were not cowards, but two of them were betrothed, and the third had married a young wife six weeks before. They were thinking of their *donne*.

"This way," I said, leading them. "There is a back door here through the thickness of the wall into the campanile of San Pietro." And I led them round by the rear and opened the door with my key, for I had charge of the postern.

We were only just in time. I hustled them into the tower, pushed them up the dark staircase, and opened a panel behind into a cupboard in the organ-loft. Will it please you to come this way and see it for yourself, signore? Take care where you step—the staircase is dark. Mind that overhanging beam. More than once have I knocked my head against it. This is the cupboard, here. It was built originally to hold the music-books for the organist. But it is dark, as you see; oh, but it is dark, and you will notice this door, how

unobtrusive, how unseen, till you know where to open it. They did not intend it to be a secret door, I think; but, being so deep-recessed in the arch, like all the other arches, it retires somehow. I packed them all three in there—Signor Antonio Bellucci and the two others, one a Baglione of the great Baglioni, the other a Donato. Not much room, you will say—ha! ha! ha! no, the accommodation does not equal that which you enjoy at the Albergo Brufani. But when one flies for one's life, you know, per Dio, one is satisfied enough with a very modest bedroom.

I just bundled them in and shut the door, turning the key in the lock, and left them there, crouching. Signor Antonio did not like it. "Here, Fra Benedetto," he cried out, "don't lock us in. Suppose they set fire to the campanile, what will become of us?"

"Ho, ho," I answered, merrily, for I was flying for my life myself, and nothing makes one merrier than that—the exhilaration, the excitement! "If they burn the tower of San Pietro, the Plume of Umbria, Perugia's Pennon, why should any of us desire to live any longer? What would life be worth without it?" And, chuckling to myself, I left them there, safe, but dark and uncomfortable.

I was only just in time, as I said, for even as I stepped down again into the church, in the gloom of the aisle, whom should I see but Schmid and his myrmidons—Schmid! what a name! You will forgive me, Serenity, if I wound your refined and illustrious ears with that Teutonic barbarism—Schmid, indeed! that the Holy Father should think to surround his sacred chair with Schmid, when Oddi and Donati, Colonne and Barberini, would have been proud to serve him!—whom should I see but this Schmid creature and his hirelings bursting into the nave, this very nave, this beloved San Pietro, and, regardless of our blessed patron and of St. Benedict, our founder, ravaging and sacking it as if they had been simply Goths or Vandals, Freemasons and freethinkers. And all in the name of his Holiness. Oh, it was horrible, horrible! There, before my very eyes, among the guttering candles, those wretches rushed into the sacristy—sì, sì, signore, our revered sacristy where

the Peruginos are kept: that very same shrine of art, that most holy sacristy—and with the Abbot looking on and trying to restrain them, looted and carried away our gold and silver ornaments, stole our jeweled flagon of sacred oil, tore our precious and saintly vestments to threads and shreds, and destroyed our manuscripts like so many Attilas. Orders from Rome, indeed! It made one's blood boil. These men were sheer heathen. Had we not been monks, who never fight (save at need on barricades in defense of the fatherland), we might have fought then and there for our sacred vessels; and in my humble opinion, signore (mine who am no doctor), God and all saints would have absolved us for so doing. Why, did not our august patron himself, the blessed Apostle Peter, when Malchus the High Priest's servant—what is that you mutter? “They that draw the sword shall perish by the sword!” Verissimo! verissimo! I perceive that your Excellency, though heretical, has read the scripture. But we are all of us men, and to see San Pietro sacked—well, monk or sinner, I own I longed to grasp a good sword in my hand just then, and I would have taken my chance along with the blessed Apostle.

Presently, as we stood trying to defend our chalices and our dalmatics, one of the Swiss looked hard at me. “Ho, Frate,” says he, with his gross German accent—you know their voice, signore: brah, brah, brah, to split one's jaw almost. “Ho, Frate,” says he, laying a hand on my arm, “were not you too at the gate? Did I not see you laying about you with a club like the best of them?”

Well, what would you have, signore? Not for nothing is this monastery dedicated to the Prince of the Apostles. I denied, stoutly. “Me,” I cried; “a poor brother! What should I know of fighting? I am more learned in plain-song; I lead the choir. If it were Gregorian chants, now——”

He stared at me hard still. “Colonel,” he said at last, turning to the Schmid creature, “this monk was outside the Porta San Pietro with those three who fought hardest. I slammed the gate in his face. He must have brought them in and hidden them.”

“Is that so?” the Schmid man asked me, roughly. “Have you concealed any fugitives within this monastery?”

Well, I thank the saints and the Blessed Madonna that they gave me strength and countenance that day to lie, boldly; for a lie, in due season, to save three precious lives, is rightly held no sin, but the contrary. Especially to save patriots from a roaring lion of the name of Schmid—of Schmid!—going about and seeking whom he might devour. And those three the friends of Perugia's freedom. So I outstared him back in the face, as innocent as a Paschal lamb, and I said: “Me, signore Colonel; I have been up in the tower all the time, looking out upon you peaceably. I know nothing of this matter. I have charge of the bells. I am a benevolent neutral.”

The most reverend Abbot glanced into my eyes. “Is that true, Fra Benedetto?” he asked. But I knew from the tone in which he asked it he meant, had I really been successful in saving three good Perugian patriots from these ravening wolves of Papal soldiers?

So I answered very humbly, “Sì, most reverend Father.”

And the Abbot understood, and darted approval into my eyes, for he, too, was a Perugian. Then he turned to the Schmid man. “Fra Benedetto speaks the truth,” he said. “You can trust Fra Benedetto.”

The Schmid man bowed. “If you say so, venerable Father.”

“I could swear 'tis the man,” the soldier broke in, dissatisfied.

And the Schmid creature began to smile. “My children,” says he, “you are all good hands at swearing.” And that they were, Serenity; they swore as I have never heard swearing elsewhere: rough German oaths to curdle your blood, ach's and so's and Himmel's in them innumerable.

Well, lest I weary you, the Schmid and the Sterns and the Baumgartens and the rest of them—the base spawn of Lucerne—took possession of our monastery, and filled it with their High German profanities. They blasphemed in gutturals. We had nothing to do, we poor monks, but in patience to possess our souls, and allow them to possess all else that belonged to us. They swelled about like turkey-

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FRA BENEDETTO'S MEDAL.

cocks. But at night the Abbot came to me, very still and confidential. "Fra Benedetto," he asked, "is it true that you have concealed three brave patriots in this church of ours?"

"Most reverend Father," I said, "it is true—è vero, è verissimo—I have hidden them——"

He cut me short with a wave of his hand, thus. He was a most wise and prudent man, our good Abbot, on whose soul may God and all blessed saints have mercy. "Don't tell me where, Benedetto," he cried; "don't tell me where, I pray you. The less I know of their place of hiding the better. Besides, dear brother, I have not your gift. I lie with difficulty."

"It is an art, most reverend Father," I answered with humility, "which grows by practice. But on an emergency, even the unskilled like myself may do well at times, by sudden inspiration."

He smiled a thoughtful smile: 'twas a wise man, our Abbot! "All gifts are useful," he answered, "at their proper moment. This I have not. But what I wish to say to you is somewhat different, my son. I have a patriot of my own concealed in the confessional!"

Well, I laughed aloud. "Most reverend Father," I cried, seizing his hand and kissing it, "you are a true son of Perugia."

He colored up a bit. "It is hard for a churchman to know what he should do in these days," he answered, slowly. "One does not want to play false with the Holy See—but how can one betray a fugitive and a suppliant who comes for sanctuary? Still, we must get rid of him, we must get rid of him somehow, for the confessional is not safe; and besides, can I hear confessions if the fugitive is there? We must smuggle him out of the place, my son Benedetto."

"It is well," I answered, "Padre mio! As he is only one, we might possibly manage it. We have an extra dress in the place, I suppose—a novice's dress. Let us make a monk of him; and then I will go forth with him to buy bread for tomorrow."

All this time, you must remember, Signor Antonio and his friends were doubled up in the dark in that small cupboard, and no help for it!

Well, without more said or done, we made a monk at once of the patriot in the confessional. It was Signor Alessandro Siepi—the serene-looking old gentleman, somewhat stout and rotund, who keeps a bookshop in the Corso nowadays—sì, sì, the same, signore. And a fine monk we made of him. While the Swiss were at dinner after their bloody work—ah, you should have seen their hands, reeking with the red stains of patriots—we crawled into the confessional, on hands and knees, with shaving-tackle and soap and a bowl of hot water. He took the tonsure like a lamb, though he was already even then the father of a family. And I shaved his beard, and turned him into a capital Benedictine. When we had dressed him in our robes, you might have defied a hundred Schmidts or Sterns or Baumgartens to detect the prisoner. Why, his own wife disclaimed him at first when we took him home that night. He was transformed indeed. St. Benedict would have passed him for one of his own order.

However, I gave him the refuse of the monastery in the tin pails—we used to carry it out so in those days, you know, for the dust-carts to get rid of it—two pails to him and two to me, and with these in our hands we walked past the watchful sentinels at the doorway. Then was seen our wisdom in making the man a monk. The soldier challenged him. "Off with your cowls!" says he, in his insolent Swiss tone, "and let me see if you are tonsured!" We off with them at once; the man growled, and let us pass. I took my gentleman home, after depositing the pails, and then set off to return to the monastery.

As I walked down the Corso, pretending to look unconcerned, whom should I meet, all panting and trembling, but Signorina Fede Guidalotti. I knew her well; she was the young lady betrothed to Antonio Bellucci. Beautiful was the young lady. Black hair, black eyebrows, black appealing eyes, a creamy brown skin, such a sensitive mouth, such eager, anxious features. Yes, yes, very true, I am a monk, signore painter, but still I can admire a beautiful woman's face, especially when it has a soul in it. And Signorina Fede—you see that Saint Lucy in Buonfigli's

picture there?—as pure a soul as that, but more intense, more human, more daring, more passionate. Up she comes to me, clasping her hands downward, so; her very muscles all twitching and quivering. "Eh, Fra Benedetto," she cries, lifting up her great eyes at me, "where is he? where is he?" There was only one *he* for her in the world, you see. She was absorbed in Signor Antonio.

"Sta tranquilla, figlia mia," I answered; "I have taken good care of him."

"Where, where, Father?"

"In the tower of San Pietro, my child. But if you whisper a word of it, even to the signora your mother, all is lost. The vile Swiss will shoot him."

She clasped her hands harder than ever till the blood came, almost, where her nails dug in. "But I may come to San Pietro to confess, and to be near him, may I not?"

"You may come," I said, "my daughter; in these dangerous times we all need spiritual guidance; but you must be careful, most careful."

So I returned alone, dangling my empty pails in my hand, to San Pietro.

At the doorway, once more the soldier challenged me. "Where is the other one?" he asked.

"He buys bread," I answered glibly—you see, I was becoming quite an expert at lies; "presently will he be back again."

And in I went to the refectory.

Well, later that evening, I took bread and wine, as much as I could easily conceal under my robe, and stole up into the tower. There, I unlocked the cupboard, thrust in the bread and wine, and whispered in a very low voice to my fugitives, "You must manage to lie still; whenever a chance occurs we will do our best to free you." They didn't like it; oh, no! Who would relish being locked up in a dark hole like that, with soldiers all about, thirsting for one's blood? But it was their only chance, and worldly men will give much for life. They have more to lose in it, I suppose, than we shaven churchmen; besides, the ladies! I am a man, signore; I am a man; I can figure to myself how much a man will dare for his lady's happiness.

Next day, out came a proclamation, in

big black letters, triple crown and keys above, signed below by the Cardinal Legate, and the Commandant of the town, the Schmid creature, setting a price upon the heads of the chief rebels, Antonio Bellucci, Vittorio Baglione and Michele Felice Donato; announcing, also, that whoever aided or abetted the escape of the criminals should be shot when taken. Martial law, martial law; we knew where we stood: if we risked our lives, we understood we were risking them. Free pardon and reward to those who should betray their fellows. I was glad I had not told the most reverend Abbot where I had hidden my men. His life at least was safe, and that of the other brethren.

In deep distress Signorina Fede came to me that morning. "Oh, Fra Benedetto," she cried, "you will not betray them!"

"Betray them, my daughter!" I answered. "Am I not an Italian? Am I not an Umbrian? Am I not a Perugian? Since when did Perugians for thirty pieces of silver betray their brethren who have taken sanctuary within their walls? The men with the jaw-breaking names may shoot me if they will; but never shall a Benedictine give up a fugitive!"

The Dominicans and the Franciscans, signore, the Dominicans and Franciscans were all for currying favor with the Cardinal Legate; but we Benedictines, we have a history and a character to keep up: we have not forgotten the glorious events of the Monte Cassino.

For three days, those poor gentlemen lay close trussed up in their narrow, dark cupboard; and day after day, in fear and trembling, I mounted the staircase and took bread and wine to them. On the second day, the Colonel Schmid ordered a search to be made for suspected persons. I accompanied the searchers. Oh, but my heart went throb, throb, throb, for that poor signorina—for, heaven forgive me, 'twas the girl I thought about, not the three brave gentlemen—as the Pope's men mounted the steps to the organ-loft. They peered here, they peered there; they tried this wall and they tried that: tap, tap, tap; but thanks to the good architect who planned our tower, the Plume of Umbria, they never discovered the cupboard door, although, as I went by it, I could hear the

men's breath stop still, then come hard and fast within it. But those Teutonic ears, heaven be praised, heard nothing. What can you expect from men with names like Schmid and Stern and Baumgarten?

On the morning of the fourth day, Signorina Fede burst in upon me once more. "Oh, dear Fra Benedetto," she said, looking almost as if she would fling her arms around me, "unless he escapes to-day, I shall die of fear and anxiety. I cannot sleep at night for thinking of Antonio shut up in that narrow place among those cruel soldiers. We *must* let him out somehow. Dear Father, devise it!"

She talked of *him* all the time, not of *them*, don't you see? That is love's own selfishness.

"My daughter," I said, "all earthly love is vanity. Still we must do our best to release a captive."

"Father," she cried, clasping her hands, "I love him! I love him! I love him! I love him!"

But she was quite right. I began to see that affairs were growing desperate. My cupboard was no better than an Austrian dungeon. "Let us reflect," said I; and I reflected. Just at that moment, as luck would have it—do I say luck, faithless one? nay, rather the providence of the Divine Will and of our dear Lady—what should sound but the bugle-call for the Sterns and the Adlers and the Baumgartens to receive their weekly pay. Not a man but answered. Trust a Swiss for that! Out they came trooping at the sound of the clarion from all parts of the monastery, all the cloisters that they desecrated with their oaths and their presence, ran, scurried, hastened, formed line in the courtyard there, hungry for pay, stood at attention, alert as beagles, each waiting for his money. I saw they were absorbed in the one pursuit more important to their base souls than even their dinner. Then a wave broke over me. I fell on my knees and prayed. I asked to be helped to save these three patriots' lives from the Schmid and his myrmidons. I asked for strength and courage. Something or some one put it into my heart that, though I were shot for it myself, I must save my fugitives at all hazards. And I knew who put it there,

signore, for, mark you, we men are weak, and impulses to save men's lives at the risk of one's own can come to us only from One who gave up His life to save us. I am a poor ignorant, simple old monk, little versed in dialectic; but *that* I know quite firmly. I prayed for light and obtained it. A radiance from within seemed to flash and illuminate me. I rose from my knees quite brave and calm. "Come on, signorina," I said, seeing my way now, "I shall have need of you." She followed me up the stairs into the tower of San Pietro.

We spoke no words. No words were needed. Oh, but she was quick and understood me. Glancing at her, I took out my knife and cut the ropes of the bells. Stout they were, and hard to hack; but, with patience and good will, I sawed them through gradually. Signorina Fede took them from me as I cut them. Then we went on tiptoe to the cupboard, which I unlocked. "Quick, quick!" I said, low. "Not a moment to be lost. Follow me noiselessly."

Signor Antonio came out first, and just touched his lady's hand. She was brave, oh, but she was brave; she restrained herself well; she did not even attempt to kiss him. She just held his hand and followed me. I led them out this way; will you please to look, signore, if I might disturb your Serenity from your work one moment? You may not have seen that view, and, indeed; for the view alone it is worth the seeing. Exquisite is the prospect. Here, up these worn steps; bend your head a little again as you pass the beam. Now, see, I open this door; it gives direct on a little balcony. Stand out on the ledge, signore, for hence you may behold the noblest sight in Perugia. Aye, aye, 'tis wide. Sheer down below, the cleft valley of the Tiber; beyond it, white in the sun, Assisi, smoldering on its arcaded hillside; farther off, the jagged Apennines, and away in the distance, clambering up their flanks, innumerable gray towns—Spello, Foligno, Montefalco, Deruta. And, far behind all, the snows of Falterona! "A glorious prospect," *ye* say. Ha! ha! I thought the view alone would repay you! We are proud of that view. Our fellow-citizen, Pinturicchio, used to admire it

greatly. 'Tis the background of half Perugino's frescoes.

But 'twas not of the view we were thinking that morning, I can tell you, with Schmid's mercenaries below us, ready to catch and shoot us all if we failed of our enterprise. That makes the blood come and go, the breath catch quick. Not a word was spoken, all understood silently. Finger on lip, the signorina led the way: her face was bloodless. You see, all knew the spot, and knew that this balcony overlooks the dry ravines outside the city wall, down which a man, who is acquainted with the ground, may skulk unperceived among the brushwood and black cypress hedges, for these are overgrown gorges. I fastened the ropes together, so, as well as I could, Signor Baglione helping me, for he had been an officer for some years in the Austrian navy and knew how to tie knots far safer than any I could have devised with my unskilled fingers. Then we secured them to the balustrade of the balcony thus, and hand over hand the first man descended. It was Signor Donato. He let himself down, half sliding, and disappeared into the jungle. Next came the Baglione's turn; he went second, and as he went we began to hear a sullen tramp of feet as of the soldiers returning from pay parade. Tramp, tramp, tramp. But we let him down silently. Off he ran into the bush and made for free Bologna and the Garibaldians. Last of all came Antonio Bellucci's chance. He waited till the last, both because he was youngest and swiftest, and also because Signorina Fede held his hand in hers so that he could not disentangle it.

But when his time arrived she acted, as she had acted throughout, like a brave woman and an Italian patriot. She let it drop at once, just whispering, "Now, carissimo, addio!" and with one squeeze of her hand down he slid. We watched and wondered. We heard the tumult of the soldiers running about in the courtyard. What cries! what hubbub! If they caught us now it would be all up with Antonio!

Yet he slid down in safety, we too leaning over and watching him with all our eyes. Next moment he had waved his handkerchief and was off into the ravine.

That very same evening, as we learned later, he was safe with the General. *What* General? Why, Serenity, Garibaldi, of course; in those days, for us Italians, was there more than one General?

As he disappeared, Signorina Fede, unable to restrain herself, flung her arms round my neck and kissed me passionately. It was irregular, yes; but I understood, of course, and—I forgave her.

Trembling with suspense, we descended the tower. At the bottom we found the Swiss soldiers waiting. They had scented mischief and were making another search. As we crept softly down we crept into their open arms. They seized us at once. The signorina held up her head high, haughty, unweeping. She feared for nothing now—her lover had escaped. I saw at a glance, if we were to be shot, we might as well be shot for something as for nothing. "What have you been doing?" asked the guard. I answered boldly, "I have been up in the chamber in the tower with this lady feeding the fugitives who have taken sanctuary with San Pietro."

May God and all the saints forgive me the many lies I told that week! But politics, politics! Without breaking of eggs, no omelette. You cannot confine yourself to the strict truth when you are mixed up in revolutions.

You see, I told them this one in order to make them think that fugitives were still hiding in the tower chamber. That gained them time for escape. If the Sterns and the Baumgartens had known they were flown, they would have scoured the country round, and very likely intercepted them, though our Perugian ravines—well, you have seen them, signore, and you can readily understand that they are easier for natives than for foreigners; especially for Swiss, whom their Makor has made a thick-headed, blundering, slow-moving people.

The Schmid man measured me with his cold blue eyes. "Arrest them," he said, in his brah, brah, brah. And they arrested us.

Then they began overhauling the tower once more. This time, being put on their mettle, they looked closer, but not for half an hour or more did they discover the cupboard. I had locked it and carried away

the key, so that even when they found it, 'twas still some time before they could force the door open. When they did pry it apart, expecting to catch their victims, they saw signs of recent habitation, but their birds were flown. Even so, they didn't bethink them at once of the balcony. Slow brains, fat paunches. They concluded we had hidden our men somewhere else in the monastery, since the guard at the door had not seen them pass out. So once more they searched church, cloisters, everything. We looked on, smiling serenely. At last one of them, quicker than the rest, suggested that they should peal the bells, to try and frighten them. They started to peal—and then, of course, they found the bell-ropes cut. That gave them the clue. They soon hit upon the balcony. There the ropes were still hanging, tied to the balustrade exactly as we left them in our hurry. So now they knew all. They returned to interrogate us.

"I confess," said the signorina. "I helped to free them."

"And I too," I answered, having nothing now to gain by further lies. "But mark you, I am a priest; the lady acted under my advice as her spiritual director. I urged her to do it as one of the Seven Works of Mercy." I thought *that* ought to tell with the pontifical government. The Holy Father could hardly sanction the shooting of a woman for having obeyed the spiritual advice of her confessor on a point of morals.

The Schmid man bit his lip. "If I followed my orders," he said curtly, "I should shoot you both. But—thunder-weather!—one cannot shoot in cold blood a monk and a woman. At least," he added with an afterthought, "in the patrimony of St. Peter."

"Make no monk of me!" I cried, brilling up at his insolence. "I am a free Perugian. I demand to be shot, in my secular capacity. Spiritually, I am the Holy Father's most obedient son; but temporally—well, the Holy See conquered us and held us fast by right of conquest: surely we may rebel against its temporal rule as against the rule of any other monarchy! I fought like a soldier at the barricades the other day; shoot me now as a

soldier, but spare this innocent lamb, who acted wholly and solely on the spiritual advice I gave as priest to her."

The Schmid man held his peace, and walked up and down gloomily, stroking his chin with his fingers. "If I shoot them, I shall be blamed," he said, at last, to his second in command; "and if I refrain from shooting them, I shall be blamed also. But once shot, shot forever; once reprieved, you can shoot again to-morrow. Not shot then is safest. I shall wait for this matter till I have telegraphed to the Vatican for instructions. 'Tis ticklish work being a soldier in a priest's army."

So we were remanded that day. Meanwhile, they scoured the countryside in vain pursuit of our three fugitives. Of course it was useless, once they had got a fair start. Was not all Umbria in league against the Holy Father's government? For the Holy Father himself was a spotless lamb, I grant you; but that cunning fellow Antonelli—politics, politics, politics! The church is one thing: your Richelieus and your Mazarins and your Antonellis; 'tis quite another.

Next day, in came a telegram from the Cardinal Secretary: "Release the girl; she acted under her confessor's mistaken advice; reserve Fra Benedetto for further consideration."

And now, signore, you shall hear indeed how God protects His church, and how the Holy Father, even when he is not speaking *ex cathedra* on questions of faith or morals, is yet swayed by the gentlest and best of motives. Oh, yes, you shall understand that, though I was a rebel against the Papal Government, I love the Head of the Church, and have been an obedient son of the Roman Pontiff. For, three weeks later, when all was over, and the Swiss—vile paunch-bearing wretches—had evacuated the monastery, we were all summoned to Rome, we Benedictines of San Pietro, to answer for the part we were accused of having borne in the abortive insurrection. The Abbot was fined for his share in the good work, and so was the monastery. It was a brave scene—chamberlains, prelates, red-robed cardinals, gorgeous bishops in copes of plum-color. There we all stood, in a great hall of the Vatican, with Swiss Guards in cocked hats

preserving order, while the Holy Father listened, half yawning, to our explanations and excuses. Last of all came my turn, trembling for my skin. Everybody thought I should be imprisoned for life by administrative order. For what would a secular ruler have done with me? Why, promptly shot me. I recognize that, signore: I was in open rebellion, and a secular prince would have promptly shot me.

Instead of which, what did his Holiness say? He looked at me and deliberated.

"Fra Benedetto, is this all true?" he asked, after the Schmid man had told his embellished story. "Did you do this thing?"

I looked up and answered: "Holy Father, it is true. I did—God helping me."

At that word his Holiness paused again. He smoothed his round cheek—drooping churchman's flesh. At last he turned to Colonel Schmid and the Abbot. "If Fra Benedetto did indeed this thing," he said slowly, with that benign smile—you know it well—on those venerable features, "no doubt it was God who put it into his heart, for he risked his own life to save three fellow-creatures. We must ever respect the promptings of God within us. He took his life in his hands; shall we not restore it to him?"

The Schmid man frowned. He saw how hard it is to be a priest's soldier. But the Holy Father's smile emboldened me to make reply. "Most wise and virtuous Pontiff," I said, bending low, "you have spoken the truth, for before I cut the bell-ropes, I prayed for guidance; and guidance came to me that it was the will of Heaven that I should risk my own life for those three gallant gentlemen."

His Holiness took my hand, and waved me from him. "Fra Benedetto," he said slowly, "go back to thy Perugia in peace. But take no part in revolutions hereafter."

"Holy Father," I answered, "that will be as God pleases. Still, I thank you for your noble clemency."

So that was all. As for the rest, 'tis soon told. Next spring, the good King Victor Emmanuel sent his General, Manfredo Fanti, to free us from our bondage; and this time, we beat the Swiss, and marched them at last, two by two, without their arms, out of Pope Paul's fortress. Then, oh, then you should have seen Perugia's joy, Perugia's eagerness! In three hours' time, our people had pulled down every single stone of the great black fort; the proud spirit of the Perugians brooked no more repression. Si, si, I bore my part—with these very hands, signore, I bore my part. We tore down that visible sign of the Holy Father's temporal supremacy in our midst, and abolished forever papal rule in free Perugia.

When the King came to us at last, he made many men cavalieri and commendatori, but at the end of it all he asked, "And now, which is Fra Benedetto?"

"Here am I, Most Exalted Majesty," I answered, much wondering.

And the King pinned a medal on my frock, saying as he pinned it, "This for the bravest man who fought in those days for Perugia's sake and Italian unity!"

But I knew better, knowing I was only a poor weak monk who tried to save three brave gentlemen's lives, and all—may the signore forgive me—for the sake of a lady.

"What reward do you claim, Fra Benedetto?" the King asked from behind his genial big whiskers.

"By Sant' Ercolano," said I, "I desire as reward that when Signor Antonio Bellucci is wedded to the Signorina Guidalotti, this poor brother, though no secular priest, may be allowed to perform the sacrament of marriage."

And it was so.



GREAT EVENTS : HUMOR AND SATIRE.

BY THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS CARTOONISTS.



LORD ROBERTS, THE ENGLISH BOXER OF SOUTH AFRICA.

From Humoristische Blätter of Vienna.



BETHLEHEM STORMED AND CAPTURED.
(Painted by Felix Moscheles.)

From the Review of Reviews of London.



STRANDED !

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



MODERN ENGLISH "CIVILIZATION."

From Kikeriki of Vienna.



ENGLAND'S MINISTERS PUTTING ON KAHKI BEFORE APPEARING IN PUBLIC.

From the Review of Reviews of London.



PASSING EVENTS.

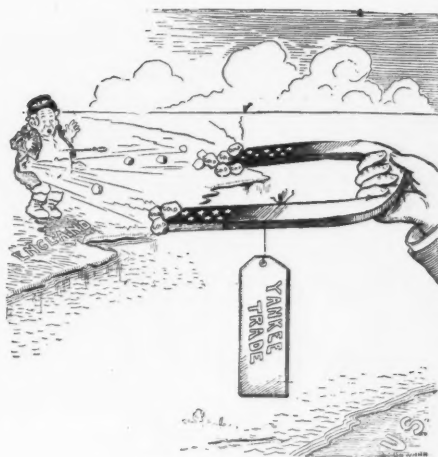
From the Des Moines Leader.

From the St. Louis Republic.

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



UNCLE SAM: "Gee Whiz—My Boys are Extravagant!"
From the Chicago Record.



JOHN BULL IN TROUBLE.
From the Minneapolis Tribune.



NATURAL LAWS GOVERNING TRUSTS.
From Judge of New York.

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



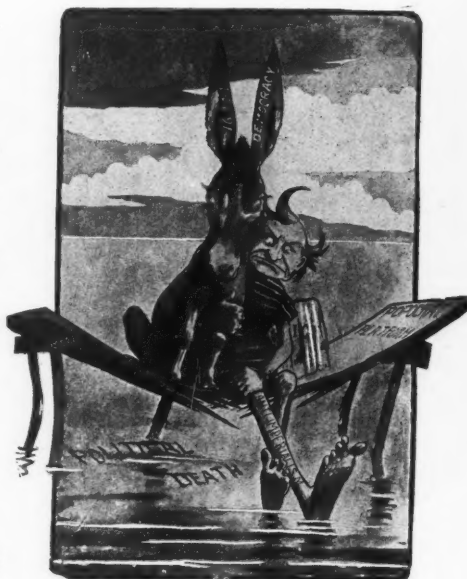
RECEIVING THE BURDEN.
From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.



UNDER THE RIGHT FLAG.
From the American Economist.



A LONG SLEEP FROM WHICH THE 16 TO 1 ALARM
WILL NEVER WAKEN HIM.
From the Philadelphia Inquirer.



JACK (ASS) AND ME.
From Wasp of San Francisco.



UNCLE SAM'S FULL DINNER PAIL.
From the Washington Evening Times.

WHAT IS,
From different points of view.

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



IF BRYAN WERE PRESIDENT—ANTAGONISTIC TO ALL
STRUCTURE—SAMSON-LIKE—HE WOULD OVERTHROW
THE PILLARS OF THE TEMPLE.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.



TAMMANY WOULD HAVE GROWN FAT ON BRYAN'S BOTTLE.

From the Brooklyn Daily Eagle.



BRYAN'S ELECTION WOULD HAVE MEANT
COLUMBIA'S DEATH.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.



IF THE TRUE KNIGHT HAD BEEN ELECTED.

From Harlequin of New Orleans.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.
From different points of view.

GREAT EVENTS: HUMOR AND SATIRE.



MAC: "Too bad we can't quote Lincoln any more."
 MARK: "What do we want with Lincoln? What would his rating be at Bradstreet's? Quote me."

From the New York Journal.



THE SOUTH AFRICAN SITUATION.

From the Cleveland Press.



IT TOOK ROME 700 YEARS TO BECOME AN EMPIRE. ARE WE TO BECOME ONE AT ONCE BY THE BAIT OF A LUNCH PAIL?

From Verdict of New York.

